

The Grail

MARCH, 1930

Pray Brethren

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

St. Benedict and Shakespeare

STANLEY B. JAMES

A Saint of Yesterday

FLORENCE GILMORE

Newly Beatified Martyrs O. S. B.

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

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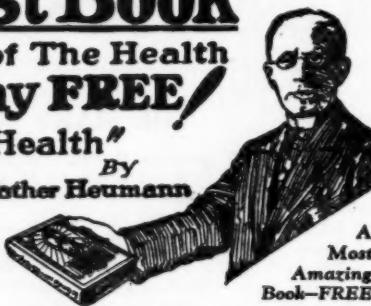
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The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 11

MARCH, 1930

NUMBER 11

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THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

New Subscriptions: \$6.00 for twenty-four months. Renewals \$3.00 a year.

Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional per year.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

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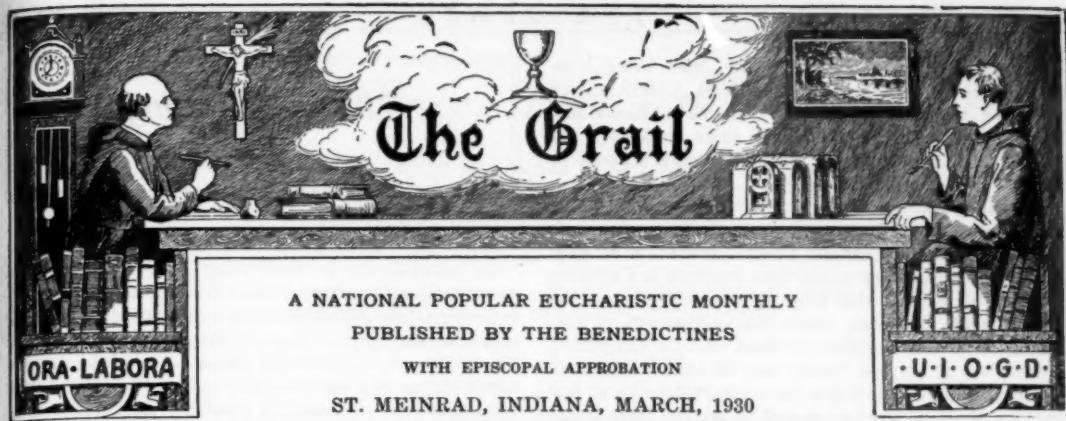
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AFTER E. BURNE-JONES

"THE SOWER WENT OUT TO SOW"



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Violets and Violet

Ere long in our northern clime Mother Nature will don her new spring gown of tender green bedecked with humble violets and other pretty posies. But in the meantime Holy Mother Church will have clothed herself in the somber garb of violet for the penitential season of Lent. Ash Wednesday, which is extraordinarily late this year, coming as it does on March 5, inaugurates the Lenten fast and other works of penance. The thought of penance may go somewhat against the grain, but penance is necessary, for Our Divine Savior said on one occasion, "unless you shall do penance, you shall all likewise perish." A word to the wise should be sufficient.

The ashes that are sprinkled on the heads of the faithful at the opening of Lent call to mind, in the first place, the discipline of the early Church, when it was customary to do penance in sackcloth and ashes. The ashes, moreover, remind us of the shortness of life, the proximity or nearness of death, and the fact that this body of ours, to which we are so much attached, will soon become a mass of corruption and then finally a mere handful of dust which will commingle with the surrounding soil and lose its identity entirely. Therefore, why pride thyself in thy beauty, which is destined to fade? Why be puffed up at thy seeming superiority over others, when all are made equal in the grave? Why boast of thy talents, which will vanish as the wind that passeth never to return? Forget not that body and soul enter upon the stage of life as a single unit, acting its part, maybe, and that it soon makes its exit to leave room for those that follow. But we are not created for this perishable life alone. Heaven is our goal.

The reason of our existence on earth is the working out of our eternal salvation—the attaining of heaven. The time of life upon earth is allotted to us by an all-wise Providence for the adorning of our souls with virtues and merits that thus we may earn the reward of our labors and trials and sufferings patiently borne. Our life is, indeed, a time of trials for body and soul. The body must endure labor, illness, be subject to heat

and cold; the soul is tried by cares and worries that sometimes put our patience to a severe test, by stings of the passions that lie hidden within the breast like smoldering fires, by envious and uncharitable and other sinful thoughts.

Lent is the season set aside by Holy Mother Church for making special efforts to uproot and overcome our unruly passions, all of which have their root and foundation in our inveterate pride. On Ash Wednesday she reminds us that we are but dust and ashes, which is humiliating in the extreme to pride; she urges us to works of penance and to more frequent and fervent prayer, having for that purpose special devotions on weekdays and Sundays; she counsels us to withdraw in the spirit of penance for the time being from worldly pleasures and amusements; she desires that we attend Holy Mass more frequently, and would have us come every day, if circumstances permit; she would have us approach the Holy Table, too, each day, if we can. The Holy Eucharist is the antidote for sin, fortifying the soul against mortal sin and freeing it from venial sin; it is, moreover, the bond of union between the soul and Christ.—A Lent well spent will be pleasing to God, edifying to our fellow men, and productive of blessed results for the future life.

In the garden of your soul cultivate the violet of humility, the lily of purity, and the rose of charity, that you may have an acceptable bouquet of choice flowers to present to the risen Lord at Easter.

Catholic Literary Awards Foundation

As many of our readers will probably remember, the Catholic Press Association in its convention at Savannah in May, 1927, established the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation, which has for its purpose the creating of an endowment fund of \$50,000. This amount is to be raised by enlisting 500 Life Members at \$100 each. The interest accruing from the total sum, when completed, will be about \$2,500 annually, and this amount will be distributed each year as prizes for literary productions of merit, such as the best books, short stories, poems, and other forms of literature.

This foundation, though still far from being complete, offers in awards this year \$500, which will be given for the best essay on "Catholic Colleges and Catholic Leadership." The first prize is \$300; the second, \$200. The contest is open to any student or graduate of a Catholic college.

Are there not among our readers some who would like to help the good cause along by taking out a Life Membership in the Catholic Press Association at \$100 each? Encouragement would thus be given to Catholics to write. Remember that your gift towards the endowment is made but once, while the endowment is perpetual, as is also the interest that will be distributed in awards. If anyone would like to take out a Life Membership, but hasn't the full amount to give at one time, we shall be glad to accept it on the installment plan. When the full amount of the Membership has been sent in, we will forward it to the C. P. A. towards the completion of the endowment fund.

Each paper and magazine with membership in the Catholic Press Association has been asked to get a minimum of five Life Memberships. Thus far THE GRAIL has succeeded in obtaining four. A fifth membership, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, was begun under the name of the PIUS X MEMORIAL MEMBERSHIP in memory of the Pope of the Holy Eucharist. We invite our readers to send in their contributions towards this memorial membership that it may be completed before the next convention of the C. P. A. in May. Even the "widow's mite" will be acceptable.

Should there be any others who wish to take out a Life Membership in their own name, or a Memorial Membership in the name of a deceased relative or friend, we invite them to do so through THE GRAIL, which will be credited for procuring the membership.

Not only individuals, but also institutions, schools, classes, sodalities, clubs, and other organizations may chip in to establish a Life Membership to perpetuate the name of such organization.

The Catholic Literary Awards Foundation is worthy of your consideration. The annual awards resulting from this foundation will surely prove an inspiration to Catholics and encourage them to do their best in the field of literature. May we not count on your co-operation? Send all contributions for the "Pius X Memorial Membership" to Father Benedict, editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Pius X Memorial Membership

Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B.,
Editor, The Grail,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Rev. and dear Father:

Desiring to add my mite towards the PIUS X MEMORIAL MEMBERSHIP in the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation for the encouragement of Catholic writers, I am enclosing for this purpose the sum of.....

Name.....

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Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

TWO EXTREMES

In religion, as in everything else, extremes must necessarily be avoided. Divine worship is neither wholly internal nor wholly external, and therefore we may speak of an internal and an external serving of God. The liturgy, being part and parcel of religion, also partakes of its twofold character. For this reason it is wrong, on the one hand, to think of liturgy as nothing but a collection of external forms, or on the other, to regard it as a matter of the spirit only. It is very true that religion is an interior, hidden acknowledgment of the Supreme Being and His excellency, but we must remember that, although this secret and invisible willingness to confess God's superiority would doubtless satisfy the absolute demands He has upon our loyalty and submission, it is nevertheless not sufficient to supply the need of outward expression, which we creatures feel. Wherefore let it ever be borne in mind that the liturgy of the Catholic Church has the advantage of pos-

(Continued on page 518)

The Foes

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

4. *The Battle of Emmaus*

The baffled foes renew their armaments;
Great levies swell their ranks, and they march round
Through the fair plains and up the steep ascents
To Emmaus, nestling by a rocky mound.

Beyond—the mountains rise to threatening height;
Yet, all secure, their tents the Syrians stretch
And with slave dealers reckon in delight
In hundred-batches what the Jews will fetch!

"Let Gorgias find some way behind
Those hills to rout the Jews;
Their camp ablaze will cease their craze:
To yield them they must choose!"

But Judas sped by night ahead
To Emmaus' battlefield
With charge and shout they put to rout
The foe,—and riders reeled.

Their camp was fired,—when Gorgias tired
From his vain mountain-quest
Returned at last—then fled as fast
To the Idumean waste.

Nikanor flung from him his silvered mail
And ran up hill and down; an escaped slave
He seemed, who 'gainst the Jews had dared to rail
He'd cast them into bondage—or the grave.

Pray, Brethren

May the Lord receive the Sacrifice from thy hands to the praise and glory of His name, to our benefit, and to that of all His Holy Church—Ordinary of the Mass.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert and Ed Allen had contemplated a long motor trip for the morrow. This excursion meant a very early Mass for the priest. But lo! and behold! the otherwise faithful altar boy failed to make his appearance at the appointed hour. After a few minutes of waiting, the church door clicked and there was Allen. At the priest's beck he came to the sacristy.

"Ed, you are almost a 'life-saver,'" was Father Gilbert's greeting. "Take the cruets and serve this Mass. My server must be still in dreamland."

"I can't, Father," pleaded Allen. "It's so many years since I served that I have forgotten how."

"Just lead the way to the altar," urged the priest. "We'll make out together."

The Mass was now a recollection of the early morning. The two travelers, apparently absorbed in thought, were well on their way. The old Buick was crawling along nicely and smoothly. "Father," spoke up Allen, "that was my first stab at serving for a good many years. Suppose I had overslept myself too, what would you have done?"

"I should have turned in a fire alarm and gotten the force out to give you a general douche."

"Ah now, Father, you know that you would not have made yourself liable to a summons to court by such a prank. Honestly, Father, couldn't you say Mass without a server?"

"Yes, I could. But the question is: may I? The Canon Law says expressly: 'the priest should not say Mass unless he has a server who serves and answers him. The server at Mass should not be a woman, unless no male server can be had, and unless the woman stays at a distance to answer the prayers and does not in any way approach the altar.' Some authorities have discussed this question whether or not necessity would exempt us from the law and, if so, how grave this necessity would have to be. We for our part shall not enter into this discussion. So much is certain, that the Mass is a community service. Unless this is kept in mind, some of the Mass prayers are simply unintelligible. Take the so called 'Orate fratres'—pray, brethren."

"Yes, Father, I was struck by that prayer

this morning when I realized that I was all the 'brethren' present."

"Suppose you had not been there, who would have been the brethren?"

"Well, I guess you would have had to drop that part of the Mass—"

"No! no!" the priest fired back. "We don't so easily make changes in the rubrics. The word 'brethren' still applies to all the faithful, present and absent, who are considered to be present at least in spirit. However, it is self-evident that some of these faithful ought to be actually there and pray with the priest as they are bidden to do. Viewed from a certain angle, no part of the Mass is more touching than this request of the priest made to the people for their prayers."

"How so, Father?"



ORATE FRATRES

"Well, the priest has just kissed the altar and, having turned to the people, he extends and joins his hands whilst he solicits the prayers in question from the faithful. He turns all the way around as though he wished to extend his admonition to all parts of the church, to all the faithful without exception. It is the last time that he is going to face the people before the climax of the Sacrifice. He is now to enter upon the solemn part of the Mass, which includes the consecration and Communion. He is now to take leave of the people and to enter the Holy of Holies as did the high priest of the Old Law. Up to this moment he conversed with the people and prayed with them, as one of them; but now, like Moses, he bids them farewell at the foot of the mount, which he ascends to the top where he is to be enshrouded with a cloud in God's presence alone. There was a time when before the Preface a curtain was drawn through the sanctuary to hide the priest from the gaze of the faithful. Ah, this function of his ministry is so highly exalted above human nature that, feeling his utter unworthiness, he begins to tremble, so to say. Hence, with suppliant voice, he begs for the support of his brethren, which they are to accord him by their fervent prayers during the tremendous sacrifice. Notice, too, this term of endearment, 'brethren.' The usual formula 'oremus—let us pray'—is expanded and thus it is clearly shown that special importance is attached to it."

"Yes, it is true, there is a touching strain in this appeal, but, Father, suppose the priest knew that there were only women at his Mass, would he say: 'pray, sister'?"

"Ed, if you were not at that wheel, I'd take you out and let you walk. I'm sure that that roguish twinkle is back in your eye. The term 'brethren' is broad enough to include everybody, men or women. However, in former centuries, when the wording of the petition was still in a varying stage, there were forms like these; 'pray for me, brethren'; 'pray for me, brethren and sisters.' The Carthusians say: 'pray for me a sinner.' Durandus in the thirteenth century cites a quotation which makes the priest say: 'Pray for me, brethren, and I will pray for you.' An old missal of Utrecht has: 'brothers and sisters, pray for me a sinner.' This formula was pretty generally used in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The expression 'pray, brethren,' has a special lesson for the faithful in as far as they are concerned."

"What's that, Father?"

Father Gilbert's hand went at the moment automatically to his head. "Say, Ed, did you break a spring?"

"Ah, I didn't see that young gulley. The road commissioners might have put up a red lan-

tern or a red flag here. I am glad that you do not take to stiff hats."

"Yes, but my head is not supplied with shock absorbers. To come back to your question. The word 'brethren' is a truly Christian expression and should be a reminder to the faithful of mutual Christian charity. A certain Caecilius wrote in the first Christian century: 'The adherents of a new religion called themselves mutually brothers and sisters.' The catacombs reechoed with this appellation and it was found constantly on the lips of the first Christians. Hence, even to-day this beautiful relation is reverberated in the liturgy. As all the faithful are present in Christ's mind when He offers the Holy Sacrifice through the priest, so all our fellow men ought to find a place in our hearts. As brothers and sisters we all owe, moreover, a childlike love to our Mother. Her welfare is our welfare and should be as dear to us as our own personal interests. A Christian ought not to confine his prayers to his own personal necessities. The prayers for the priest are after all prayers for the Church, whose minister every priest is before God. Finally, there is here an admonition to recollection and to a disavowal of our distractions especially during the next part of the Mass."

"My gracious, Father, how much you do get out of these two words 'pray, brethren.' There, I just missed that boulder by a quarter of an inch."

"It's well that you did, otherwise you might have had the Insurance Company after you. But now, let us see what follows this little introduction, 'Pray, brethren.' The priest does not stop there. He adds in a suppressed tone: 'That my Sacrifice and yours may be well pleasing to God the Father Almighty.'"

"Aha," ejaculated the chauffeur with knowing significance, "the words 'and yours' will come in for their share now."

"Indeed they will," Father Gilbert assured with emphasis. "But first let me tell you that these additional words of the priest are simply a development of his invitation to prayer. The author of them seems to have been St. Remy of Auxerre (d. 908). A similar formula was found in the codex of St. Denis, a manuscript of the time of Charlemagne (768-841). It was only gradually that they were admitted into the liturgy and seemed to be the reason why the celebrant says them under his breath. We cannot stress sufficiently the point that the faithful are co-offerers with the priest. His Sacrifice is also their sacrifice. The celebrant as much as says: 'This Sacrifice is mine and yours. It is mine because I am about to offer it to Jesus Christ, and it is yours because you are about to offer it with Him by my hands.'"

"Again, Father, an old difficulty bobs up."

"I know that in your case they come back again and again. What is it this time?"

"Well, why should we pray that God's own Sacrifice be pleasing to Him?"

"No doubt I have given you an answer on this before. However, I will explain it also in this connection. As far as Christ is concerned the Sacrifice is always acceptable to God. Yet, since we belong to the offerers, God sees in this part of the Sacrifice also our injustice, our criminal desires in our hearts, and the stain on our conscience, all of which to render us unworthy to participate in the fruit of the Sacrifice. It is, therefore, with a view to stir ourselves to fresh sentiments of grief and sorrow for our mutual offenses that we are solicited to pray and thus render the Sacrifice acceptable to God."

"Father, don't forget the server's answer."

Father Gilbert smiled. He had often heard Allen stress the server's part in the Mass prayers. "Go ahead, I know that you are anxious to recite your lesson of olden days."

"I surely haven't forgotten it," he gasped as he almost struck a daring youngster who tried to see how long he could remain in the road. "I know it better in Latin than in English, but I shall give you the English:

May the Lord receive the Sacrifice from thy hands to the praise and glory of His name and to our benefit and to that of all His holy Church.

"Eminenter is your note."

"Whatever that means, Father."

"It means from 99 to 100 per cent," Father Gilbert said quite cheerfully.

"I will not try it over, for I could not improve upon my efforts."

"Of course, you know," Father Gilbert went on, "that at a Solemn High Mass the subdeacon likewise gives this response and at Solemn Requiem Masses also the deacon, because at Requiems he is free to do so since there is no incensation of the choir. The priest then adds 'Amen' in a low voice. If he has no server, he must say this response himself and substitute the expression '*my* Sacrifice,' for '*your* Sacrifice.'

"This beautiful and profound prayer," Father Gilbert went on, "briefly sums up the ends of the sacrifice, which are the honor of God and the benefit of the Church. This formula has been in use in the Roman Church since the thirteenth century. Before that it varied in the different churches. At times there was said the following extract from Psalm 19: 'May God send thee help from the Sanctuary and defend thee out of Sion. May He be mindful of all thy sacrifices and may thy whole burnt offering be made fat.' Again, we find the words, spoken by the angel, applied here to the priest:

'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee.'

"Without any camouflage those prayers are beautiful."

"But," Father Gilbert continued, "we ought to draw the right conclusion from them. Since the priest converses thus familiarly with the people, these latter ought to see herein the best method of attending Mass. The more intimately they are united with the liturgy the nearer in thought and sentiment they are to the priest as the official offerer and the more perfect will be their devotion. His sentiments should be their sentiments, and his are Christ's sentiments when he pronounces the Mass prayers. Wherefore, we should unite with, and include in, this supreme and truly divine oblation all our prayers, efforts, and sacrifices which make up our daily life. Consequently we must give Our Lord at Mass unflinchingly our renuncements, sorrows, crosses, but, above all, love without reserve. Then, the Mass will be for us 'our sacrifice.' Sacrifice is essential. St. Thomas says very nicely: 'No sacrifice without a priest, no priest without a sacrifice; but without a sacrifice no religion.'

"Do you see that sign, Father?"

"Ah yes. 'Welcome to Newtown.' Put on your brakes. Here is our goal."

Lift Up Your Head

PHILIP HUGH

Lift up your head!
Why walk with tearful eyes?
Thy destiny
Lies out beyond the skies!
God did not make thee
With thy spirit-wings,
To creep beneath
The weight of earthly things.

Lift up thy head!
And stretch thine arms out wide!
He will reach down
And span the great divide.
Be not afraid
In life's perplexities;
God's Heart is love,
And thine lies next to His.

Build in thy soul
A stronghold of retreat,
Where God and thou
Can enter in and meet.
Make thee a garden,
Looking to His skies;
Leave there thy cares,
Stretch forth thy wings and rise!

Thumbnail Sketches of Europe--Switzerland

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

THE Swiss people are probably the most versatile in the world. Having no national language of their own, they are forced to use the tongues of their neighbors: those in the North generally speak German; those in the West, French; while the southern inhabitants are addicted to the Italian tongue. Each pupil in school is compelled to learn two languages, and he may learn four if so inclined. In the legislative assemblies, every speech has to be given in three languages, in order to be understood by the representatives of all districts. Traveling in Switzerland is very comforting in one respect: if the traveler's tongue gets twisted up a bit, and he slips a French word into a German sentence, or vice versa, the Swiss will understand him all right, and won't mind a bit!

From the little town of Schwyz, on Lake Lucerne, was derived the name "Switzerland"; from this town also came the flag: a white cross on a red field—just the opposite of our Red Cross device. In the old Town Hall of Schwyz, one may see the original Articles of Confederation, signed on August 1st, 1291, by Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden; here was born the little Republic of the Alps. We have so long associated the name "Alps" with the high

mountains in Switzerland and in nearby countries, that we have come to think that "alp" means "mountain," while it does not at all! It really means to the Swiss a little plateau situated in the mountains, such plateaus being the homes of most of the people. Beauty and grandeur of scenery can be compared with nothing else in the world, and the hospitality of the people is marked in every section.

Do you long to "mountain-climb"? If so, go to Zermatt at the foot of the Matterhorn. For many years, climbing old Matterhorn's sides was a feat for only the most intrepid, a feat accomplished only by the most skillful "alpinists"; in 1891, however, a cogwheel railway from Visp to Zermatt increased the facilities for attaining the goal. The true climber will spend days, and perhaps months, waiting at Zermatt for suitable weather and climatic conditions to make the ascent; the sky must be clear of clouds, but old Sol must not shine too brightly on the ice, lest he melt it to a slippery and dangerous condition.

Narrow bridges are thrown from one peak to another, in building the railway, and seemingly impossible feats of engineering have been performed. Healthy-looking children offer flowers and fruit for sale—the only means they have of

making a little "pin-money." There is also a little Matterhorn, a small "vest-pocket edition" of the real thing, and the St. Theodule Pass makes it doubly interesting. There is a charming little legend connected with this pass, a story which may please you, too. Here it is: St. Theodule was the first Bishop of Sion, in this district, during the fourth century. The Pope at Rome presented the Bishop and his flock with a very massive, but very fine bell; but imagine the task of carrying the bell from the Tiber to the heart of the Alps! The poor Bishop was



INTERLAKEN WITH JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

about to give up in despair, but Satan (as usual) appeared on the scene with a solution for the problem! He would guarantee to place the bell properly, upon one condition, which was that the soul of the Bishop should belong to the Prince of Darkness if he (the latter) should deliver the bell within the city walls before cockcrow. The Bishop consented, for he was eager for his people to have the benefit of the gift; but in his heart he cherished a hope that he might outwit Satan. The Bishop clung to the bell as it was being carried along, through the pass now named for him, and they arrived safely at the walls of the city. Satan was greatly pleased with his night's work, and was just ready to leap over the wall, when the Bishop cried out, "Crow, cock, crow, or may you never crow again!" At once, all the cocks in the city crowed, and Satan dropped the bell and fled in dismay. It is since that time that the cocks have crowed so early in the morning!

A bridle path, quite safe, leads from Zermatt to Schwarzsee, or "Black Sea"—a gloomy little lake, noted for the pilgrimage chapel at its edge. The chapel is called "Our Lady of the Snow," and the guides pause here to offer up prayer before starting up the Matterhorn; if the weather permits, Mass is celebrated here every Sunday during July and August, and on August 5, there is a special celebration which all of the natives attend, and at which many visitors make an effort to be present.

For all their ice and snow, the flowers of the Alps are worthy of notice, growing as they do right up to the snow-line. The anemone, crocus, gentian, and primula are among the first of the Spring, and these are well-known to us. What we do not have, though, is the edelweiss! It grows in the most inaccessible spots, little starry faces that look as if they had been cut out of white felt! Many a life has been lost in an attempt to gather the edelweiss, and many legends are connected with its history. It is regarded as an emblem of purity, and is considered as a most fitting gift to a maiden from her betrothed, hence, the custom arose that

a young man should prove his worth and skill by securing the little flower for his sweetheart, and many a love match has turned to sorrow from the loss of life connected with his search.

Switzerland has been said to have over twelve millions of fruit trees; of course, the apple predominates, with an estimate of five million, followed in order by pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees.

Dairying is a favorite occupation of the natives, and a visit to one of their dairy huts is a liberal education. The houses are mostly of the "chalet" type, which is known everywhere—they are perched on the sides of mountains, down in the valley, and in all sorts of unexpected places. During the summer, a great many of the men hire out as guides, while the women undertake the hard work of the farm and dairy—their summer is short, and they must work hard and fast while the opportunity is given.

They have their playtimes, too, which break the monotony of toil. Towards the end of summer, generally on a chosen Sunday, they hold their "Alpine Fêtes," climbing high up the mountain side to the pasture lands. They bring cakes, hams, coffee, and wine to the shepherds who have been here all summer watching their flocks, and in return they receive cream, butter, and milk. They hold a picnic dinner, followed by sports which consist of dancing, yodelling, alphorn blowing, and other native games. Wrestling is also a favorite pastime at the fêtes. At nightfall, they reach home, and the celebration is over for another year.



ISELTWALD ON LAKE BRIEZ

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER VII—THE MESSAGE

HEREWARD's heart seemed to stand still, for the Lady's face had crimsoned for a moment and he forgot all else, save that he was in her presence again. She was quite unlike Thunor, who was of massive build, and as fair as Hereward himself, being slight and graceful, with dark hair and grey eyes. Her dress was a little unusual. An ample green mantle fell from her shoulders that reached to the hem of her white underdress. Her veil of silk gossamer was white also, and she wore no jewels except a large clasp of dull gold that fastened her mantle. Hereward missed the lavishness of color that the Saxon ladies generally affected, but the simplicity of her attire pleased him, too; it set her apart from, and a little above, the others. He moved as if to follow her, but Egbert who had noticed both her entrance, and Thunor's frown at Hereward's evident admiration, called him to him.

"Come hither, Hereward!" he called, and then, "I would present the Thane Hereward to you, my Lords," he continued, pushing the unwilling man to the front. The tutor smiled furtively as the boys offered their hands in an embarrassed way to Hereward, but he continued to direct their boyish speeches until Ethelbright, throwing ceremony to the winds, exclaimed, "Let Hereward come to us without ceremony, Father! He could doubtless tell us many stories of brave fights and noble doings."

But Ethelred sighed gently, "I care not so much for the fights, brother, but I would fain hear about the palace of Merwald, and the story of his coming to the Faith. He made a grand choice, not knowing what might ensue."

The tutor interposed. "Another time, my Lords! Your guest waits, and he is doubtless hungry. Hereward shall come to you to-morrow, if you will."

The princes seated themselves then, and when Adalbert had said grace, the supper began. It was a simple meal and speedily came to an end, neither was any time wasted in useless speech. Thunor had seated his daughter at Egbert's right hand, very much to her discomfiture. Hereward's place was considerably lower, but it so happened that he almost faced her and consoled himself by glances of undisguised admiration until he found that Thunor was staring at him angrily, and then he turned away too, an-

gry and miserable, until they rose from table and formed into little social groups about the hall. After a while he contrived to get near her while Egbert with seeming obtuseness held the unwilling Thunor at his side.

"I would speak to you, Lady Alfrida," he said softly.

The color came and went in her pale cheeks as she raised her eyes to his for a moment, and he noticed that her lips trembled too. "Tomorrow, it may be," she replied, "but beware of my father, for he likes you not." She said nothing further, and seemed to be fastening the clasp of her mantle, but her hands trembled visibly. Hereward looked up and saw Thunor coming toward them.

"You look high, Thane!" he exclaimed meaningly. "I give you good night, Alfrida," he added, and the girl turned slowly, yet, ere she retired, she offered her hand to Hereward who held it for a moment, bending his head that he might touch it with his lips. Then, still holding her trembling fingers, he led her to the staircase and so left her.

He found Thunor scowling when he returned to him. "A word with you, Hereward!" he said. "I have read the King's scroll. Does he think that the Lady Alfrida is for the first man who comes praying soft prayers? If so, then he hath much mistook Thunor. The Lady Alfrida weds into the royal house, or she weds not at all. She hath beauty, wit, fortune, and an honorable name. I give her not to the first man that chances to ask for her."

"The lady is, indeed, all that you say, Thunor, and more, but methinks I could give you satisfaction on mine own account. For my part, the ground upon which she sets her foot is holy. True, I am but a thane, the same as yourself, yet my honor is as scatheless as yours, my words as strong. Moreover, thanks to the liberality of King Merwald, I am able to keep a wife both in comfort and safety."

But Thunor shook his head. "I can offer a dower worthy of the acceptance of a princess," insisted Hereward, "and the Lady Alfrida is not of royal blood. A thane is a fitting mate for the daughter of a thane."

"Be warned, Hereward, the lady is not for you. I have sworn that she shall wed the son of a king. Being the daughter of a thane, she shall yet mother kings."

"And be herself unhappy? I can scarcely

think of you as a father when you say things like that, certainly not as a father of the Lady Alfrida, for in that case some strain of tenderness would surely dwell in your heart. I cannot understand you. Other men seek the happiness of their children and place it even before their ambition, and you would have your daughter pass her days in misery that she might be called 'Queen.' I think it is not really so with you, but that you try me, and test the earnestness of my suit to you. To-morrow you will speak gently, is it not so? For to-night act your part and try me to the uttermost—you will not prevail—and to-morrow you will join our hands and wish us much joy and a long, happy, wedded life."

"To-morrow never comes, only the passing hour is our own. Men have been known to perish secretly and suddenly for less offences than yours," he added darkly.

"You threaten me! Nay, 'tis but the part you play. I will not believe you so unkind, having so sweet a daughter, you could not be that you would have me think you are. I will not doubt your goodness."

"My 'goodness' is beyond distrust, but take heed that you force me not to take action." He turned as though to mount the stairs, and came back again. "I hear Egbert calling you," he whispered, and then as Egbert showed himself at the head of the staircase, "Ha, my Lord Egbert, good night! May the spirits of our woods and streams watch over, and guard your slumbers," and bowing silently he went away in the direction of the kitchens.

Egbert took Hereward by the sleeve, "It is time to rest," he said imperiously, and then, lowering his voice, "come to my room when all is quiet, there seems to be something in the wind and I would have your counsel."

Hereward bowed his head and followed Egbert, but he did not reply, for the thane reappeared followed by a man bearing the keys and a lantern. Thunor passed them without speaking, and went to his chamber, for they heard the closing of a door, and the sound of a bolt being drawn across it. For a moment they stood listening, and after a while the sound of voices came to them, then silence, and they sat long in Hereward's chamber consulting in low tones. It was already late when the prince retired. He threw himself upon the pallet bed and slept.

It was still early when he awoke. Hereward had fallen asleep where he had lain down on the rushes before the door, and his sword lay unsheathed beside him where it had fallen when sleep had overpowered him and put an end to his self-imposed watch. Egbert smiled at this proof of Hereward's devotion, and arose, for the day was already beginning to dawn. He could hear the twitterings of birds through

the loophole of the chamber, and looking out he saw them flying from tree to tree. The brightness of the new day gave him fresh life and he kneeled down to pray until the sound of a passing脚步step attracted his attention and he went to the door, stepping over Hereward to get there. The thane's hand sought his sword and he sprang up so quickly that Egbert had only just time to step aside from the swift blow that the watcher dealt. Then with a quick movement he knocked the weapon from the still half-sleeping man's hand.

"Softly, Hereward!" he whispered with a laugh, "you cannot afford to kill me yet. Who knows how much you may need my strong arm, and the strong arms of my men, ere we get back to Reculver?" He laid a finger upon his lips and straightened himself to listen. "Stay here, I will see who stirs. 'Tis early yet."

He slipped from the room but saw no one. The house seemed quiet. Eastry was not yet astir, and he returned to Hereward, who was seated upon the only stool the room contained, examining the point of his sword. Luckily it had fallen upon a heap of rushes and was none the worse for the adventure. He rose when Egbert entered the room.

"I am but a poor watchman it seems. I pray you forgive me," he said.

"Nay, you are a faithful friend, Hereward, though a thought too ready with the sword. It is the fault of youth, and marks rather an excess of zeal. A moment's consideration might have saved you from the mistake, and that is the worst that any can call it. Go to my room and rest, it is nearly light now and nothing can chance to me. The house is still, and an hour's sleep will fit you for the day's work. I'll call you when I hear them stirring."

The young man withdrew silently. The early sunshine was already peeping in at the window and flickered on the stone walls as the trees stirred outside. He had slept but an hour and fatigue was weighing his eyelids, and so he turned to the crimson covered bed that had been prepared for the prince.

Something like a shudder ran through him as he drew near it, and then he stood for a moment with wide-opened eyes staring at the disordered bed. His throat swelled, his heart throbbed painfully. Then he went to the door again and shot back the bolt while he listened. He had made no sound, apparently everyone was sleeping still. He returned undecidedly to the bed and found himself beset with the desire to cry out, to rush through the house sword in hand, and kill whomever he should meet. Conjectures, fears, doubts, convictions, struggled for the mastery until he put out his hand suddenly and plucked the great two-edged sword from the bed where Egbert had lain that

night, had he not chosen to remain in the chamber set apart for the use of his thane.

"Thunor's work," he told himself. "Yet would Thunor have dared so much?" And then he remembered the thane's threat when they had talked in the hall last night.

At first his duty seemed clear. He felt that he ought to lose no time in going to Egbert, in warning him, in insisting upon his immediate return to the King. He rose and lifted his hand to the bolt and then a slow footstep sounded in the passage. He waited still until a hand was laid upon the latch, and a whisper came to him distinctly, a pause, and a muttered conversation, and then the steps stole quietly away again.

Egbert hesitated. Should he tell the King's nephew? Was it necessary? he thought perhaps not, for Thunor could surely have nothing against Egbert and the attempted murder had doubtless been directed against himself, by way of ridding Thunor of an undesirable suitor for his daughter's hand. The mistake was rather mystifying but stranger things had been known to happen, and he could not imagine any reason why Thunor should raise his hand against the prince. The more he weighed the matter the less comprehensible it seemed, and he finally decided to keep silence. Knowing the danger, he could watch over Egbert. Moreover, he would manage to convey to Thunor that he knew what had been attempted, without letting him feel quite sure of the matter. And he would urge Egbert to return at once to Reculver.

Meantime he concealed the great sword beneath the crimson coverlet of the bed, for he said to himself, "the man that dealt that blow must surely seek his weapon," and so thinking, he threw himself upon the rush-strewn floor and slept heavily until Egbert beat upon the

door and called upon him to open, for that it was time to be stirring.

Confused memories of the night perplexed him just at first, and he felt for his sword. "It swung at his side as usual. And then he remembered the sword-pierced bed, and his knees shook under him, but Egbert's voice reassured him, and he unbolted the door.

His white face startled the prince for a moment. "You have been dreaming," he laughed. Yet there was a certain uneasiness in the way he spoke. "Come now, for Thunor has arranged a hunt. I cannot well refuse to attend it, nor will I go without you."

"I would rather you returned to Reculver, Egbert. My mind misgives me for the King. I have a feeling that all is not well with Ermene-red. Pray you return forthwith," he said.

"Have you forgot the Lady Alfrida?"

Hereward groaned. "Alack no! I have not forgot. But for this once, I pray you trust to me. I will tell you wherefore at some other time."

"Have you seen a ghost, Hereward? What's amiss?"

"I cannot tell you, Egbert. Yet I am assured that your very life is in peril at the King's palace of Eastray."

"Nonsense, man! What danger could lurk for me in the King's own palace? Throw off this dullness. Hath Thunor's daughter bewitched you?"

"Thunor hath refused my suit, and I know not how I might obtain speech with the Lady."

"Is that all? Then I will bid Thunor bring her forth. He dare not refuse me."

"Nay, urge him not, Egbert, but let us go to Reculver with all speed. I am well assured that the King hath sore need of you. My wooing must wait."

There was a little bustle in the courtyard and Thunor entered the hall. He started violently when he saw Hereward standing in conference with Egbert. "I give you good morning," he said unsteadily, and his eyes wandered to the doorway. Egbert noticed his consternation and could not help connecting it with Hereward's appeal for their immediate return.

"Good morning to you, Thunor," he responded courteously. "Ah! here comes the Lady Alfrida," he continued, attempting to engage Thunor in conversation in order to give Hereward his opportunity.

Thunor affected not to notice the ruse. "You rested well?" he asked.

"Ay, Thunor, thank you. I rested well, save that I ran a narrow chance of losing my life."

Thunor trembled visibly. "A narrow chance!" he echoed. "How, my Lord Egbert?"

"Hereward woke suddenly from his sleep and mistook me for an enemy. I knocked the sword

For a Teacher

H. D., O. S. B.

"My Beloved had a vineyard on a hill in a fruitful place."—
Isaiah 5:1

He arrayed all His plants with wondrous care—
(May I Your divine intentions share.)

He guarded them close from every harm—
(With counsel and prayer I'll their foes disarm.)

Some would go awry and some wounded His Hand;
Yet His sweet, loving touch few could ever withstand—
(May I all the froward and thankless so cherish,
That none suffer damage or thoughtlessly perish.)

His vintage expecting, how long the delay!
(I'll toil with like hope, to the ne'er-ending day.)

from his hand but just in time to save mine own skin."

"So, you think it was an accident," said Thunor musingly. "Hereward hath nothing to gain by the death of the King's nephew."

"Nay, he hath nothing to gain, even were he not greatly attached to me. How fares his suit? I would indeed that he might win the lady. Look, Thunor, you can see them without turning, and I would not seem to watch them. Doth the lady seem to relent? I have a great desire for this marriage, for I have a warm regard for the youth."

"I fear it will never be, my Lord. Last night I pleaded his cause with her, for I am getting old, and would fain see her wedded to some strong man who could keep her in safety, but she will have none of him. I fear indeed that she inclines to a monastery, although she will not own as much."

"Yet she would be as safe in a monastery as wedded, Thunor."

"Were I a Christian, I might think so too, but I confess that I cannot understand the matter. Give me an honest man and I care not what gods he serves."

"But truth is one, Thunor. If black is black then it cannot also be white; and a thing is true or false, but not both."

"My gods are good enough for me."

"I would not set myself so low. I want my God to be too good for me, or I want Him not at all."

"Too good! then you make little of yourself."

"'Twas rather God who made me what I am. I could not be less than the nothing from which He made me."

"You Christians are mysterious. How can a thing be made from that which is nothing? Nothing is emptiness."

"And emptiness is nothing; therefore an empty head hath nothing in it," laughed Egbert. "But our discussion waxes too serious for a hunting party. Shall we set forth at once? What say you, Thunor?"

"When it pleases you," returned the Thane, glad to be released from the serious conversation of the last few minutes. "The hounds wait before the gate, and they are impatient, for they had no idle gossip to entertain them by the way."

"Then we are ready. But I would not ride without Hereward, nor would I break in too roughly upon his wooing."

"He comes now, he hath left her at the other end of the hall."

He was indeed advancing toward them, and his hand played with the hilt of his sword, yet Egbert's glance restrained him. "You are ready, Egbert?" he asked.

"We are ready, Hereward. The day waxes

warm, and it were well to get away at once. Moreover," he added in a low tone, "I would not anger Thunor by making him wait too long."

Hereward passed out to the courtyard, and his face told Egbert that his suit had not prospered, and while he looked covertly at Thunor from time to time, he appeared absorbed in his own thoughts, and now and then it seemed to Egbert that there was a gleam of satisfaction in the thane's steel-blue eyes.

There followed a pleasant confusion of starting. Dogs bayed deeply as they felt the huntsman's lash, horses snorted and pawed the rough cobblestones of the pavement, as though they already scented the hunt, Hereward stood at his horse's neck waiting for the moment to mount, and Egbert with his reins already gathered up in his hand stood ready to vault into the saddle. And then a sudden hush fell over the joyous din, for a messenger was seen to be riding swiftly and straight for the palace.

"Who is it?" broke from Thunor's lips, and his brow darkened.

"Who can it be?" whispered the men among themselves, with furtive glances at Egbert. The prince was silent but he threw the reins back upon the neck of the horse and stood straightened and expectant.

The messenger reined in his foaming horse before him and handed him a scroll. It was the merest scrap of a message and it said:

'The King is dead. Bring Thunor, and the princes, my nephews, and Hereward, and come quickly. But bring no women, for it is man's work. Erconbert.'

Egbert thrust the scroll into Hereward's hands. "Read it aloud," he said. And Hereward read them the message of Erconbert as they stood around. There was a moment of

(Continued on page 497)

Content

ROXANNA GRATE

Dear, we walk a common pathway
Sometimes together, sometimes hours apart
When, though deep I'm wrapped in shadows,
Afar I see the sunlight of your heart.

Dear, we have the selfsame burden;
At times we share the weight, at times alone
I toil; then always comes the fragrance
Of flowers blooming along the way you're gone.

Dear, life sends us two its gladness
Though rare the visits be, and not for long;
But rapture floods our souls, together;
Parted, I catch the echo of your song.

St. Benedict and Shakespeare

STANLEY B. JAMES

“THOU art a blessed fellow to think as everyman thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine.” So says Prince Hal to Poins in Shakespeare's “Henry IV” and the remark might well serve as a summary of the Poet's own work. For our greatest of dramatists had none of that restless egotism which advertises its own claim to uniqueness. His genius accepted without demur what a recent critic has called “the humiliation of seeing with all men's eyes, or telling a truth which has been told before.” Like his creation, Poins, he kept the roadway, avoiding the byways beloved of lesser men. For in Shakespeare one has none of those ill-balanced views of mankind, none of those extreme and one-sided statements which to-day so often pass for originality. The sanity which made him, when his work in London was done, retire to his native Stratford as a respectable burgher, pervades his writings, though without the limitations associated with burghers. Contrast his dramas with the morbidity, eccentricity, and straining after novel effects by which so many moderns have won their reputations, and you will see what is meant. No more normal mind ever expressed itself in literature. That accounts for his universality. Whatever our private idiosyncracies, we all meet in Shakespeare as on common ground. He is that Man-in-the-Street, so constantly quoted, plus supreme genius. His pages constitute a broad highway in which the illiterate may jostle scholars, youth and age meet in common enjoyment and where all grades of social life, forgetting their differences, may walk in amity. There are poets who have sung with greater passion, who have reached sublimer heights of vision, who have shown a more reckless daring in exploring little known territories of experience. But in “seeing the world with all men's eyes” none has eclipsed Shakespeare. In every sense of the term, except in its application to the quality of his genius, he is middle-class. Tired of feverish abnormalities and the carefully cultivated garden plots of literary specialists, we turn to him as to some broad, open space thronged with the public life of a great city. And this he achieves by what our critic described as “the humiliation” of seeing what all see. The term is worth pondering. It suggests that this literary catholicity has its roots in a certain moral quality. Few of us are content to tell a truth which has been old before. We must indicate our individuality by

adding or subtracting, modifying or denying. It was characteristic of Shakespeare that he borrowed his material from all quarters and was content to patch up the work of others. His creative powers did not assert themselves too aggressively, but humbly waited upon the suggestions that might come from previous writers. There is something almost casual in the way he did his work, as though he were unconscious of its value and had no purpose beyond that of serving the theatrical needs of his day. But this casualness, looked at from another angle, wears a different aspect. It is part of that real humility we have noted. He was willing to sink himself, to forget any partialities of his own, to accept the world as he found it, only asking to be allowed to glorify it with his art, as the sun glories the dun clouds that gather about its setting.

It may seem a strange assertion to make, but it appears to the present writer that what Shakespeare was in literature that St. Benedict was in the ordering of the religious life. And, lest a layman should be accused of going beyond his province, let me quote one who may be regarded as an authority in matters Benedictine. I think I may claim that the passage I am about to cite from Dom David Knowles' little book on “The Benedictines,” recently published, recalls the terms in which, expressing commonplace criticism of the poet, I spoke of Shakespeare.

“Individualism, the subjective, the analytic, the self-conscious, the sub-conscious, the desire for self-expression and self-realization—all the tendencies implied by these words, which are themselves new-minted coinage” (says this monk of Downside) “are rife among us to-day nowhere more than in the world of religion. They represent (who will deny?) cravings and discoveries that the Church must take cognizance of and satisfy when their claims are shown to be legitimate, but they are not the whole of life.

“Similarly, it is a commonplace that we live in a world of ceaseless activity and flux and novelty, and it cannot be but that this has its counterpart in the life of the spirit, and produces in the heart and mind a restlessness, a desire to be moving and changing, a feeling that with all the changing world we are on the brink of discovering some new way of salvation, and that the old must go.

“In contrast to this, Benedictine monachism presents an objective form of life, sane, strong,

unchanging from year to year, a life of work and liturgical prayer which can be seen and heard, lived in conditions which aim at representing all that is best in the basic family life of Christianity, added by all human courtesies, reverences and affections. It is nothing secret or esoteric, nor an impossibility, but an ordered form of ordinary life. It is a religious life which is free from all that is doctrinaire or experimental. It is the Christian life writ large for all to see, with all the non-Christian elements removed that are normally interwoven with the devout life as lived in the world."

Saint Benedict took as his model, apparently, that commonest and most human of institutions, the family. It was not the State in any of its varying forms, nor the army, nor any extraordinary type of organization on which he based his Order but on one as universal as mankind itself and fundamental to the existence of society. His Rule is adapted to the average individual who seeks deliverance from the distractions of the world, and provides for the occupation of the whole man.

In this we perceive that same humility, on a higher plane and in the service of a nobler purpose, that we found in Shakespeare. St. Benedict has the humility which is in all true democrats, that is, in all who concern themselves with the big, universal and elementary needs of their fellows. Let others, he seems to say, look after those of exceptional nature, of unique gifts! My work is among those of a more normal type. I follow no short cut, no byway, none of the private footpaths by which the few reach Heaven. Mine is a broad, public highway in which those of diverse gifts may mingle. I am content to go with the crowd, to create a supernatural duplicate of that commonest of all things, the family."

And is not this what, in a large sense, the Catholic Church does? True that, as Dom Knowles says, it also provides for the exceptional man, but its great distinction is that it is the meeting place of all religiously-minded people. Its sanity, its normality, its avoidance of extravagances have been commented on again and again, even by those who stand outside its barriers. The history of the Church runs like a great highway through the centuries. And along it passes such a varied crowd as was never elsewhere seen brought together under one organization. "The mention of other religious bodies or of their leaders," says Matthew Arnold, "at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following.... Catholicism suggests—what shall I say?—all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays." Hence he who would become a Catholic must endure the "humiliation of seeing with all men's

eyes." He must be willing to form a unit in a vast concourse of similar-minded people. He must accept those truths which for nineteen centuries have been the commonplace of Christendom.

Have we not here one of the reasons why so many are reluctant to throw in their lot with the Church? To belong to a select company with marked characteristics differentiating it from the common crowd flatters our egotism. The profession of beliefs which depart from those appealing to the normal religious nature, to discard means on which the multitude in all ages and climes have been dependent for approaching God, to publish esoteric creeds, to strip religion of those elements which recommend it to "the average sensuous man"—are not these things the sign of a superiority to the mass of folk and their commonplace minds? So, at least, it is assumed.

But Shakespeare, though ultra-modern critics decry him and ultra-modern versifiers break ground he never explored and deem themselves beyond his tutelage, is still Shakespeare. And the Church, though a thousand sects arise to startle us with their novelties, remains still the Church—the worshipping Family of Mankind.

It is in the understanding of these two facts that we come to an appreciation of Saint Benedict's true greatness.

Alan's Daughter

(Continued from page 495)

intense silence, and then a buzz of voices speaking softly, every man to his neighbor. Egbert turned to Thunor,

"And the Lords Ethelred and Ethelbright?"

"We start at once," he said briefly?"

"They ride with us," broke in Egbert impatiently. "Bid Adalbert inform them of the death of the King. He can remain here, for they will surely return."

"And my daughter?"

"She must remain here, for my father's orders must be obeyed. Hasten, Thunor, we should be on the road within the hour."

He turned to Hereward and the two talked earnestly for several minutes while the men drew together in little knots and discussed the news. From time to time their eyes strayed to Egbert, and a casual observer might have noted a gleam of satisfaction in their glances.

Thunor went unwillingly, with slow and heavy footsteps. Hereward noted it even while he talked with Egbert, and something reminded him of the slow footprint in the stone gallery, and he saw again the sword-riven bed upon which the Lord Egbert would have slept but for a seeming accident. And though he wondered, he held his peace still.

(To be continued)

War Paint

CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

MARY McRitchie watched the automobile disappear around a curve in the road, and sighed deeply.

"Meaning?" questioned her husband, with lifted eyebrows.

"Meaning," she answered, her face serious, "that if we've started anything *there*, I shall never forgive us."

Mac laughed, but it was a laugh born of amusement at his wife's sober countenance rather than of the subject of her fears.

"Don't cross your bridges until you reach 'em," he admonished wisely.

"But I can't help crossing them, Mac. Why, I supposed I knew Thomas like a book! He's confided all his joys and sorrows to me ever since he lived here in high-school days; but he didn't say a word about having seen Miss Le Marr on Friday. It was she who gave it away; and Thomas looked decidedly guilty. Do you realize, Mac, what it means for a straightforward boy like Thomas to look guilty? Don't talk to me about not having reached the bridge!"

Mac answered, his eyes still on the road as if he could see the automobile and its occupants: "But, Mary, he scarcely knows the girl."

"How do we know how well he knows her—or thinks he does? They met here, at Miss Knowlton's birthday party last May. I was with him when he caught sight of her, seated on the grass with Baby Mary in her lap. I'll admit that she seems to possess a wholesome interest in babies, and that she made rather a pretty picture that afternoon. We weren't quite near enough to detect the oversupply of rouge and powder when Tommy spotted her. I saw his eyes light up queerly; and though he pretended it was the baby he wanted to see, he made me take him over and introduce him. And later I saw them talking together in a way that made me uneasy—they seemed so *interested*."

McRitchie smiled as he replied: "But, my dear, they're young. Why shouldn't they seem interested?"

"Oh, I know! But I've had such high hopes of Thomas. Even before he came here to live, when he was running the elevator in the Corey Building, I said to myself that with half a chance that boy could be President of the United States. Then later, when he did so splendidly at Tech, and since then when he's just forged ahead and anticipated all our ambitions for him, I've hoped that some day he'd meet just

the right girl and make a—a splendid marriage."

McRitchie couldn't suppress a grin at Mary's earnestness, but he asked seriously enough: "What's your definition of a splendid marriage?"

"Well," answered his wife whimsically, "the most splendid marriage I know of is that of Mary Freeman to the junior partner of the firm of Corey, Clarke, and McRitchie! But, joking aside, Mac, I'd like Thomas to make the sort of marriage that would lift him way, way above the place he started from—the sort of marriage one sees only occasionally, perhaps, but which Thomas, of all people, deserves."

"You want him to marry money?"

Mrs. McRitchie cast a despairing glance at her better half.

"You know perfectly well I don't mean money, Mac. I mean family. I want Thomas to make a real aristocratic marriage, just to show everybody that he can do it!"

McRitchie chuckled, then shook his head dolefully, though his eyes were twinkling.

"My dear, this only shows how ambitious we all are for our children; for Tommy's as near to us as anybody could be, except the kiddies. Here you go to work yourself and marry a poor clerk earning only twelve hundred a year—"

"He didn't stay a clerk," broke in Mary, "and he was earning—"

"Be still," commanded her husband. "I repeat that you married a humble clerk yourself, but when it comes to the son of your adoption, that's a different matter. Possibly Thomas wouldn't feel at home with the aristocratic lady of your dreams."

"Thomas," asserted Mary with firmness, "would feel at home in the White House. Do you remember how quickly he picked things up when he came here? He had naturally good manners that didn't need improving; but he'd lived in the gutter—almost—yet I never had to give even a hint regarding table manners. He *watched*. After the first meal with us he went slowly, but surely. I've seen those shrewd eyes of his watching to see just what to eat, and how to eat it before he took one bite. That boy's a wonder; and if he falls in love with that silly little featherhead—well, Mac, it will just break my heart!"

In the meantime the occupants of McRitchie's automobile had reached a wooded road near the river, and Thomas O'Neil, casting an appraising glance at his companion's costume, turned

into the woods and parked the car beside the river bank. Angelica Le Marr, one of the stenographers in McRitchie's office, looked up from beneath brows that were noticeably dark considering the color of her hair, and asked: "Is our ride over?"

"No," replied Thomas, "but I want to talk, and it's so quiet here. I'd ask you to walk a way—there's a corking view of the falls beyond that turn—but in those shoes—"

He glanced at her feet, clad in high-heeled, grey, suede slippers, and made a despairing gesture that brought a laugh from his companion.

"Don't you like 'em, Tommy?"

She stretched out a foot, displaying also a well-shaped, silken-clad leg, and Thomas answered: "Oh, I like 'em! But I wonder how long they'd last in the places I have to live in—those shoes and stockings."

"What sort of places?" asked Miss Le Marr.

"Just at present it's not so bad," he admitted. "In the job I go back to Thursday we're actually living in a house! Sometimes it's only a tent—sometimes for days at a time it's only a sleeping bag—and the sky! But at its best it would seem rough to a soft little thing like you. None of those luxuries we call 'conveniences' within a hundred miles. No water except what's dipped from the brook. No lights save candles and smelly oil lamps...."

"You're drawing an attractive picture," smiled Miss Le Marr.

"It's a truthful picture anyhow," responded Thomas.

"And you like that sort of thing?"

"I love it, because it's part of the work I love. Why, I get so hungry I could eat nails, and digest 'em, too! And so tired that the smelly lamps don't trouble me, because I never light one. I go to bed with the birds."

"Sounds like a thrilling life," remarked the girl.

"By George! It *is!*" retorted Thomas. "We're *doing* something—creating things that'll be in existence years and years after you and I, my dear, are sleeping under the sod."

"Cold comfort—that," said Miss Le Marr. She had opened her vanity case, and was doing some remarkable work with a lip stick. "Smell it," she said, handing the article to the young man. "It's something new—lilies-of-the-valley and every other garden odor. Isn't it wonderful?"

Thomas inhaled deeply of the lip stick.

"It's not a patch on the mignonette in Mother McRitchie's garden," he said quietly.

A hard look crept into the girl's eyes.

"She doesn't like me, does she?"

"Who? Mrs. McRitchie?"

She nodded, and Thomas could have sworn

that her skillfully beautified lips were not quite steady. He hesitated, then said quietly: "Why should you think that?"

"Oh, the way she looks at me! She didn't, perhaps, the first time I met her; but—well, Tommy, I've a hunch that she doesn't like your running 'round with me."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Thomas, and paused, gazing into space, his active mind busy with those dreams of his adopted mother which, solely by loving intuition, he understood. Then his eyes fell upon the lip stick he was holding, and he said thoughtfully: "I'm willing to wager that she wouldn't look that way if you'd wash your face and chuck this junk into the river."

He suited his action to the words, deliberately tossing the new lip stick to the rapids, while the girl gave vent to an indignant protest.

"Thomas O'Neil, my face is as clean as yours!

And you can pay for that lip stick. It cost—"

"I'm thinking it cost more than money," said Thomas quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if it made Mrs. McRitchie look at you in any way that wasn't friendly—but there! it didn't! Mother McRitchie doesn't do those things, even if she does belong to a generation that wastes a lot of time slinging mud at ours. But you couldn't exactly expect she'd understand, could you? Why in her day if a girl, especially a girl who worked for her living as Mrs. Mac did, and as you do now, had gone on the street painted up like an Indian ready for a war dance—"

Angelica Le Marr clutched her vanity case in tense fingers.

"I won't sit here and be insulted," she said angrily. "And I'll reveal a secret that you evidently don't know, Mr. Innocent. If I hadn't used that lip stick, and—and other things, you'd never have even *seen* me, and that's the truth!"

"The thing I saw had nothing to do with lip sticks," replied Thomas firmly.

"What—what do you mean?" asked Miss Le Marr again.

The young man laughed.

"We're very dense this morning, aren't we?"

"It's you who's dense," retorted his companion. "And as for Mrs. McRitchie, your idol, I'll tell the world that if she used a touch of rouge herself she'd be a darned sight easier to look at."

The boy's Irish eyes were suddenly on fire. For just a moment he remained absolutely quiet, fighting the anger that sometimes swept through him like a flame. Then he said grimly: "If you were a man I'd duck you in the river for less than that."

The girl looked up, honestly surprised.

"Why, Tommy! I didn't mean—"

"Then be more careful what you say, please."

"Good land!" exclaimed the girl, her anger rising again at his tone, "what a 'tempest in a teapot.' You act for all the world as if I'd insulted your mother."

"I felt that way—for a minute."

"And all I did," pouted Miss Le Marr with injured innocence, "was to suggest that a mutual friend of ours would look better if she had more color."

"Maybe I *was* a little touchy," admitted Thomas, "but it was the way you said it. I've got a temper, so it might be wise to keep your criticisms of the McRitchies to yourself, when T. O'Neil is present."

"Oh, it might, might it?" she flared. "Well, I've had about enough. If you'll take me back to the station I'll go home. You're abominably rude; and when you talk like the superintendent of a Sunday school—"

Thomas laughed suddenly, so infectious a laugh that the girl couldn't remain dignified, and her lips curved into a smile.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting that tirade," said the young man, his mouth still twitching irresistibly, "but the picture of T. O'Neil conducting a Sunday school, was too much. If I've been rude this morning, and I guess I have, I apologize. As for the lip stick—of course I'll pay for it; though I wish you'd tell me why you use the thing."

"Everybody does," shrugged Miss Le Marr.

"Most everybody, perhaps," corrected Thomas, "but I know two girls—the daughters of our head engineer—who don't. They were in camp this summer. Swells they were too—the real thing. But believe me, they didn't waste time squinting into vanity cases and

touching up the color the Lord gave 'em."

"Possibly they didn't need too. We weren't all made beautiful, you know."

"You were," said Thomas ardently.

Miss Le Marr attempted quite unsuccessfully to suppress a gratified smile; but said, after a thoughtful moment: "Look here! Those girls you knew—did—did the men notice 'em at all?"

Thomas grinned.

"You better believe they did! No retiring with the sun during the month that they were with us!"

"It was only because they had a lot of money then," said the girl bitterly.

"Money's not much use in the wilderness," retorted Thomas.

A silence followed, so long a silence that a squirrel ventured within a few feet of the car and looked up inquiringly. Then Miss Le Marr said breathlessly: "I'm going to tell you about a girl—a friend of mine. Her people didn't approve of lip sticks, or rouge, or powder; at least, her uncle didn't. Her parents were dead. She lived with her father's brother, the last, moth-eaten remnant of a fine family. Oh, they were swells all right! If I told you her grandfather's name, you'd know it; but her father, the only gay dog in the bunch, I've been given to understand, had run through the family money. Her mother was—well—good enough for *him*, I suppose, but not on a plane where she could possibly be recognized by the elite members of the clan. She died when the girl was a baby, and her husband followed her, by way of a bullet in the brain. The uncle was the sort who wouldn't shirk a duty however disagreeable, so he brought up the family orphan—the family disgrace, I guess he thought her. Anyway, that's how he made the poor kid feel."

Miss Le Marr paused to glance down at her grey-clad feet. She smiled, as if amused at some sudden mental picture.

"Say! If that girl had appeared in anything like those, her uncle would have expired of shame or apoplexy! You ought to have seen the shoes he bought for her—and every other girl in college wearing French heels and silk stockings. It made—"

"So she went to college?" broke in Thomas quietly.

"Of course. Wasn't she a—Well, no matter about the name. Besides, her uncle was professor of history. I dare say he got her in at a reduction! But it didn't last two years—her college education. She ran away."

"Why?"

Miss Le Marr looked up, and Thomas winced at the bleak expression of her eyes. "Why?" she repeated. "How would you have felt, Tommy, going to Tech in overalls and cowhide

Saint Joseph

ELIZABETH VOSS

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great is thy worth,
To be the chaste spouse of the Mother of God;

The Guardian of Jesus when He was on earth,
Most blest of all Saints, be a father to me.

In life and in death, give me of thine aid,
And teach me to love—love ever with joy;

Then show me the will of God, as he made
Designs on my soul for eternity's bliss.

O peerless Saint Joseph! in glory above,
Come help thy poor child in all troubles and tears.

Thy cedarlike beauty, and rose-fragrant love,
Dear Saint, will gain me my heaven with thee.

boots? And it amounted to the same thing. Her dresses were long—*long*, I tell you, when every other girl's were to her knees. Her uncle thought short dresses, or legs, I don't know which, were indecent, the evil-minded old—"

"Hold on," interrupted Thomas. "Don't say anything you'll wish you hadn't."

"I can't help it. It makes me boil just to remember what she went through every day at class. And then, when she came out of chapel one morning, she heard one of the boys (it was a co-ed place, you know), *laugh at her*...."

The girl swallowed, and Thomas announced grimly: "I'd like to crack his skull."

Miss Le Marr laughed nervously.

"Oh, why blame him? She was a sight. She knew it; but that laugh was the last straw. She went home and packed her grip and left. She had enough cash to get out of town, and (because she was rather crazy over babies), she landed a job as nursemaid, and managed an evening course in stenography, and gradually got some clothes that didn't resemble the contents of a missionary barrel, and a different job, and a *vanity case*.... and found she wasn't such a prune as she'd thought, because the men began to take notice...."

"What sort of men?" asked the relentless Thomas.

The girl shrugged.

"Well, they were as good as that boy who laughed at her, back home! And one of 'em even Mrs. McRitchie would approve of. He's a civil engineer, wears well-cut clothes and has been through Tech; but, as she told him a while back, if she hadn't been clever enough to make herself look every bit as well as she *could* look, do you suppose a swell like that would have even *seen* her?"

"A swell!" sighed Thomas dreamily. "Can you beat that?" He seemed to be addressing the river rather than Miss Le Marr. Then he turned to her, his blue eyes shining with something she didn't understand. You're not very chummy with anybody in the office, are you?"

The girl looked puzzled at this seeming irrelevancy.

"Why should I be? They're not my sort. I like that old Miss Knowlton, though. I—honest, I think I could *love* her, but what's the use? She probably thinks I'm a pill. Sometimes I almost think so myself," she added to her own surprise.

Thomas smiled, and for a moment rested one capable brown hand on hers.

"Let's swap stories," he suggested. "You've told me about your friend, and now I'll tell you about mine. He started out even worse off than yours did. So far as he knows, he never had a father, that is, one worth the name. His mother he never saw. She left him at the door of a

convenient orphanage when he was two weeks old—glad to get rid of him, I suppose."

"Oh, how could she?.... A *baby*!" cried Miss Le Marr.

"There are times, I imagine," replied Thomas quietly, "when a baby seems like excess baggage—better left behind. Anyhow, this special baby was never claimed. He stayed at that orphanage (it wasn't a model of its kind, believe me!) till things got too hot for him and he ran away."

"Spunky kid," said the girl, and Thomas smiled.

"I'll say he was! He's rather proud of that part of his career, because he managed it unaided, and he was such a little cuss! That first month he slept anywhere he could hide, and ate—Gosh! You'd be sick if I told you what he did eat! Then he got a job cleaning out rubbish for the janitor of the Corey Building—a fine old man who took pity on the boy—let him sleep in a corner of his room and earn enough to put something into his stomach, and even sent him to school a term or two. Old Jerry was some friend! When a year or so later, they needed someone to run the elevator, he recommended the boy, landed the job for him, and then died. If he resorted to a capable falsehood regarding the kid's age, I imagine he's been forgiven—the dear old scout!"

Thomas seemed lost in thought until the girl said gently: "Go on. What happened next?"

"A fairy tale," he answered, "nothing less. You see, the kid was always reading in the elevator; and of course he got acquainted with the people he carried up and down. One day one of the men asked to see his book, and found that the boy was interested in engineering—trying to understand it in his crude way. Well,

Exile

NANCY BUCKLEY

When the sadness is upon me
And the ready teardrops fall,
Oh, 'tis forth I go a-faring
Swift as if my feet had wings,
Where the fairies are a-dwelling
Close beside a garden wall—
Sure, and if I only listen
I can hear their whisperings.

And 'tis there I lift my face up
To the gentle Irish rain,
And I listen to the music
That is in the growing leaves;
And 'tis then my heart goes throbbing
With its burdening of pain—
Sure, the hours are slow in passing
When the heart so lonely grieves.

to make a long story short, there came a day when that boy found himself living in a real home—going to school—learning a thousand things he'd never dreamed of, and how it felt to have folks take an interest in him. Then they sent him to Tech—Oh, he helped, of course, but he'd never have made it without their aid and encouragement. And all the time, understand, they treated him just as if he were their own boy—never let him feel in the way, or an outsider. They made him over, you see, from a kid who never saw a table napkin till he lived with them, into a self-supporting chap who had been, I believe, by one discerning lady, mistaken for a swell! We're quits now, aren't we?"

The girl looked up into the young man's laughing eyes.

"You—an elevator boy!"

Thomas grinned.

"If you'd been chummy with anybody in the office you'd have found it out. Most of 'em are old friends of mine, you see. But the McRitchies—they're all the family I ever had. Do you wonder I see red when anybody even remotely criticises either of 'em? Say! Will you tell a feller your real name?"

"My name?" The girl hesitated, then said suddenly: "Well, it makes no difference, I suppose. My name's Marlowe—Jean Marlowe. When my grandfather died the country made quite a fuss about him. He was—"

"Not Calvin Marlowe, senator—"

"The same," broke in the girl, "but a lot of good it did me. I never saw him."

There fell a silence until Thomas ventured the remark: "So it's *you* who's the swell!"

"I look one, don't I?" she answered bitterly. Then added, her voice strangely husky: "I guess it's something we're born with that makes us that way. You've got it, Tommy, the—the quality, or whatever the thing is. I haven't. I thought I could get it out of this," (she lifted the vanity case), "but"

"No," said the boy quietly as her voice faltered, "you can't buy it in boxes; and *you* don't need to Jean Marlowe" he looked off dreamily at the river. "I like that a whole heap better than Angelica Le Marr. But there's another combination that beats either of 'em . . . Jean O'Neil. How does that strike you? O'Neil may lack the class of Marlowe, but it's honest, which is more than you can claim for Le Marr, isn't it?"

He smiled, the smile that had won every frequenter of the Corey Building ten years before; but the girl, her color deepening beneath the rouge, gazed grimly into space. Thomas didn't know that she was afraid just then to meet that smile. He said, out of a silence: "I'm waiting—Jean."

She turned at that, and her eyes softened. "Are you asking me to marry you, Tommy O'Neil?"

He nodded.

"But—you don't know me, really."

"I venture to guess," replied Thomas calmly, "that at this very minute I know you better than you know yourself."

"You're very clever, aren't you, Sherlock?"

The girl resorted to sarcasm as the safest armor against tears. Then she burst out honestly: "Why, Thomas O'Neil, you don't even know what I look like—without my—war paint!"

Thomas laughed; searched for a clean white handkerchief and held it aloft.

"Hostilities have ceased. No need of war paint any longer. Be a sport, won't you? There's plenty of water in the river, and this flag of truce will do for a wash cloth. If the result's too devastating—"

He was grinning, but Miss Le Marr turned an appalled face to him.

"You—you actually expect me to—to wash it off?"

"Sure," replied Thomas calmly. "Why not? You just said I didn't know how you looked."

He was out of the car, a hand stretched out to help her, and Miss Le Marr stepped down. She said, shakily: "I don't know what's got into me. I wouldn't do this for anybody else on earth."

"No need to," said Thomas gently, and moved toward the river.

"My—my eyebrows aren't really black, you know," she warned him in a strangely frightened voice.

"It wouldn't take a Sherlock Holmes to suspect that," grinned the young man, as he stooped down to soak the handkerchief relentlessly.

Miss Le Marr took it in her well-manicured, shapely fingers, and hesitated.

"Better begin on your mouth," encouraged Thomas blithely. "Remove the cupid's bow. It gives you a strange resemblance to a movie vamp, and—"

"Look here! If you make fun of me—"

"Good Lord, child! I was only trying to bring a little cheer into this—this bath house!" he cried repentantly. "Go to it. I won't look till you tell me everything's serene. And be sure you make a good job of it. I may as well know the worst while we're about it."

He moved away, while Angelica Le Marr proceeded with unprecedent obedience, to "make a good job of it." Thomas leaning against a pine tree, heard her vanity case snap shut and guessed that she'd been viewing the result. She said, and a despairing quality in

her voice tore his heart: "I—I look—perfectly—terrible!"

"Let's see," said Thomas gently.

The raillery had left his voice, and, turning, he slipped an audacious hand beneath her chin, lifting her face to the pitiless morning sunlight. His eyes were so sober that the girl's heart seemed to sicken and curl up inside. And he didn't speak . . . just looked . . . and looked . . .

"I told you I'd be a sight," she cried, jerking away. "Those black eyebrows make all the difference. I—"

"Yes," broke in Thomas honestly, "those eyebrows were undoubtedly becoming. They made you look like the queen of a harem; but, if you care to know it, not near so much like the queen of my heart as you look now. Feel better? Why! you're crying! What for? Don't you know that I'd still adore you if your eyebrows were pink or blue? and when I think of the pluck of you—running away from that joy-killer of an uncle—shifting for yourself—getting, where you set out to get, all by your lonesome . . . And then to find that you look—Oh, I'm not such a back number as to be horrified at rouge and knee length skirts, believe that young lady; but to find that you look—well—the way most fellows really *like* their girls to look . . ."

The McRitchie's guests were late to dinner. Mary had just suggested not waiting longer, when the automobile made a purring stop before the gate.

"Hurry up, you runaways," called Mac as they came slowly up the path. "You're half an hour late."

"Sorry," said Thomas; but he didn't look sorry in the least, and Mary, who had joined Mac at the door, stifled a dismayed breath as she met the glorified eyes of the boy she had mothered for ten years. Her one devastating thought was that it was too late. Nothing would save Thomas now . . . The mischief was done . . . the bridge crossed . . . No brilliant marriage for her boy . . . and all because of a cheap . . .

"Why what . . ."

The words were a gasped surprise as her eyes went from Thomas to Miss Le Marr. For what she saw was not the overrouged, sophisticated young lady who had ridden away with Thomas O'Neil that morning, but a frightened little girl who had evidently been crying—a girl who, minus the black eyebrows that Thomas had admitted were becoming, was scarcely pretty; and yet, oh so much sweeter . . . and younger . . .

"Why—what . . .?" Mary repeated, but the words were smothered by the son of her adoption. In one impulsive stride he was beside her, his arms enfolding her in a bearlike, wholly boyish hug that gave him the chance for an

imploring whisper: "Be good to her, Mother Mac. She's feeling like the very dickens," before he said, a gleam of triumphant amusement in his eyes:

"Please, folks, I want to present the future Mrs. O'Neil—Jean Marlowe by name—granddaughter of the Honorable Calvin Marlowe, senator from—oh, hold on! Don't either of you faint away. Sorry we were late, Mac, but we've been to a funeral—"

"A funeral!" echoed his astonished host and hostess.

"Yep," grinned Thomas, while quite without shame he dropped a kiss that asked forgiveness on the cheek of the girl beside him. "We've been burying Angelica Le Marr!"

A Beloved Prelate Summoned

(Continued from page 511)

standard manual in almost all the English-speaking countries of the world.

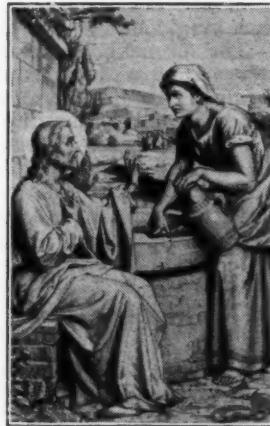
The Archabbot's death came as a result of a nervous breakdown complicated with heart trouble. He had been in ill health for the past several months, and during the Christmas holidays he contracted a severe cold which seemed to cling to him throughout the holiday season and which taxed his strength severely. Yet he gave attention to his manifold duties and endeavored to keep his engagements. On January 3 he presided at several sessions of the Retreat League Convention held in Detroit. Then he returned to the Archabbey where he rested until January 19 when he attended the Holy Name Retreat Rally held in McKeesport. Four days later he went to Cleveland to take an active part in the National Conference of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and it was there that he suffered a complete nervous breakdown. On Tuesday, February 11, fortified with all the Sacraments of the dying, the Rt. Rev. Archabbot met his death peacefully in the Lord at St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, whither he had been taken from Cleveland. Rev. Callistus Stehle, O. S. B., a brother of the deceased, and a member of the faculty of the Catholic University of Pekin, who had recently returned to the United States, was present at the bedside when the final summons came.

The solemn funeral services for the beloved prelate were held in the Archabbey Church at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, February 18. The chanting of the Office of the Dead preceded the Pontifical Requiem, which was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh. Many prelates, priests, and other friends were present to pay their last respects to one they loved and esteemed in life. The remains of the deceased were laid to rest in the Archabbey cemetery among the brethren who had gone before him. R. I. P.

"Rejoice, O Jerusalem; and come together all you that love her: rejoice with joy, you that have been in sorrow: that you may exult, and be filled from the breasts of your consolation.—

WELLSPRIG

Placidus O. S.



T was high noon. The summer sun focused its burning rays on the parched plains of the Palestinian country about Sichar, where Jacob's well still served its sparkling draught alike to thirsty traveller and urban dweller. Beneath the palm-leaf canopy a weary wayfarer sat, His feverish brow pillow'd in His hollow hand, whilst His deep, unfathomable eyes peered towards the city. Thence would come the soul for which He thirsted with love and pity. At that moment a woman with water pitcher balanced on her practiced shoulder came from the town to the unfailing source of cooling water. Awed by the noble bearing of the Stranger, surprised at His request for a drink of water, she was struck with amazement at the way His all-seeing eye plumbed the secret recesses of her needy soul, causing her to

ask for a draught from this fountain of water, "springing up unto life everlasting."—"Sir, give me this water"—is the cry of every human heart, athirst for life and happiness. How fully Jesus has answered that request.

Sin stood between the soul and its destined life of happiness. He obliterated sin and atoned for its punishment that we might *rejoice*. The centurion's lance, piercing the Sacred Heart, opened a *fountain of life* and a *wellspring of joy*. We have but to put our burning lips to this overflowing cup and drink our soul's fill. Christ purchased this cup of joy at the price of indescribable suffering. According to our likeness to this suffering Victim by self-inflicted penance and sufferings patiently borne will be the re-

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I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord."—Introit or Entrance Versicle of the Mass of the Fourth Sunday in Lent.

RING OF JOY

0. S. B.

freshing quality of this spiritual draught. On earth the way to gladness is often through much tribulation, and chiefly through self-imposed pain, whereby we remove the cause of death and unhappiness in our soul—sin. If we have used our Lent well, redeeming by prayer and penance the darksome past, the invitation of Holy Mother Church to-day to all that love her, to come together and rejoice with her, will strike a responsive chord in our hearts. But if we have tried to adjust the claims of the Church with those of the world during this penitential season, if we have stinted ourselves in no wise of our wonted pleasures, if we have justified the theater on the plea of its educational value, and the ballroom and banquet hall on the plea of satisfying the just social claims of our neighbor, we are not likely to understand the message of our rejoicing Mother. We have not mourned with her. At her knee we have not learned what grave, manly joy lurks in all sincere Catholic penance, nor that the saints that have the most winning and ringing laugh, are those that have sorrowed most.

That you may exult and be filled from the breasts of your consolation. What more striking symbol of God's loving kindness can we find than that of a nursing mother? Whilst we picture God to ourselves as a Father, we must not forget that He has the heart of a mother, a Heart of boundless dimensions that longs to share Self with His children. As custodian and almoner of this treasure of love and grace He has given us Holy Mother Church. What is it that she can do for us and has not done? In infancy, in youth, in self-contained manhood, in the loneliness of our declining years, is she anything but the comfortress of the babe within us that cries unceasingly for the breasts that are our consolation? One of the greatest of our Mother's consolations is the daily solace of Holy Mass. Let us carry our wants thither and be as an "infant crying in the night." She will fill us with the milk of her doctrine and with the transmitted life of that Spouse through Whom she brought us forth in baptism, and for Whose sake she longs to see us grow in wisdom and age and grace, until the countenance of the soul within us wear the perfect likeness which is her daily joy.

A Saint of Yesterday

FLORENCE GILMORE

TO-DAY when biographies almost without number are being written and widely read, it is unfortunate that so many of them tell the life story and attempt to delineate the character of men greedy of wealth or of honor, and strangers to noble ideals; men of self-centered hearts and cramped souls whose words and deeds the world could forget without loss and preserves without inspiration toward higher and better things.

When all is said, saints are by far the most satisfactory heroes. Sooner or later others are certain to prove disappointing. Even non-Catholics realize this and have learned to admire and love certain saints, whose virtues particularly appeal to them or whose story is of peculiar interest, not understanding that it is their holiness which makes them so admirable—a holiness that they could never have attained outside the pale of the Church with which Christ, the All-Holy, abides to the end of time. St. Joan of Arc, St. Francis of Assisi, and little St. Theresa of Lisieux are conspicuous examples of saints who have won the heart of a world hungry for a good which it but faintly undertands.

Necessarily, many a beautiful and holy Catholic life is not widely known even by us, and among these may be counted the story of Venerable Peter Donders—a hero among missionaries where heroism is a commonplace. While he lived, the world did not so much as know his name; probably it would be content never to hear it; but to-day the Church of all the ages is concerned with his beatification, and in many lands men and women are beginning to read of him; and then, very quickly, are learning to love him.

Peter Donders was born on October 27, 1809, in Tilburg, a city of southern Holland. Now a large and prosperous place, a hundred and twenty years ago it was an obscure village, in no way unlike many another except in being entirely Catholic. Arnold Donders, the father, was a weaver, and neither richer nor better educated than the average man of his class had an opportunity to be in the troubled days which all Europe experienced in the wake of the French Revolution. When his son, as a very little child, began to express a desire to become a priest, Arnold Donders was obliged to discourage him. "Who will pay for the schooling?" he said sadly, whenever the matter was mentioned.

But Peter had a mind and will of his own. In answer to every question regarding his fu-

ture he gave but one answer, "I want to be a priest." In his childish way he practiced by preaching to his small companions, an inverted old washtub serving him as a pulpit. After his sermons the children always went, in procession, to visit our Blessed Mother's altar.

But for many a year Peter's hopes were doomed to disappointment. They must often have seemed, even to him, but dreams which had best be forgotten. He was only ten years of age when his father was obliged to take him from school that he might earn his mite toward the support of the family; and for eight years he worked in a factory. Still longing for the priesthood, and in an effort to prepare himself for it, Peter prayed almost unceasingly as he worked. Even the men about him realized that he was unlike the other lads about the place, and would often say, almost reverently, "He is busy with God's interests." Sundays and holidays he spent entirely within the church and in teaching catechism to the little children.

At the age of eighteen Peter was drafted into the Dutch army and served for three difficult years. When, at length, his health gave way and he was discharged, he presented himself at one seminary after another, begging admission; but everywhere he was refused. What could the professors do with an aspirant of twenty-one who had forgotten even the rudiments which he had learned as a very little boy?

Truly, "It is an ill wind—." That same year war with Belgium thinned the ranks of Dutch seminarians; even servants were scarce; and the rector of the seminary at Tilburg offered Peter a position in the kitchen, with the promise that he might spend his free time in study, with a view to reaching the priesthood at some discouragingly distant date.

This was the first crumb of encouragement that Peter had ever been given, and he snatched it eagerly, with a light heart and a determination to work hard both with hands and brain. The new path was not strewn with roses. His fellow servants looked upon him as an upstart; by the students he was regarded as something of a joke; and the professors must be pardoned if they had little or no expectation of ever seeing him reach his goal. Still, Peter plodded on, undiscouraged. After each day passed in the hot and busy kitchen, his evening was spent over lessons in spelling, the rudiments of Latin, simple problems in arithmetic, and often-blotted exercise books. It is remembered that only once did he become impatient with those who teased or taunted him; and

then, not when his backwardness was laughed at, but on the day that some one called him, "Holy Peter." For once his meekness took fire. "This is too much. I shall complain to the Rector," he cried.

A few precious anecdotes of these days have been preserved, and all of them illustrate Peter's singleness of purpose and a charming simplicity. One day, for example, a student dared him to try to jump across a ditch filled with muddy water. "I'll give you an offering for the missions, if you do," was the bribe he offered. Peter jumped, and landed in the bottom of the ditch. He did not greatly mind either his unsavory bath or the jibes of his companions; for he had earned a mite for a cause which was already dear to his heart. Some time before, a chance introduction to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith had fired his soul with a love for the missions and awakened in him a new attraction. He now longed to be a missioner as well as a priest; and soon one desire more—the last—took possession of him. The religious life appeared to him more and more attractive; but the Jesuits, Redemptorists, and Franciscans in turn refused to receive him.

In 1841, at the age of thirty-one, Peter Donders was ordained a secular priest. Even then he was so weak in his studies that he was kept at the seminary to continue them. He had gained his first goal: the priesthood; the second was nearer than anyone could have dreamed.

In the course of that same year Monseigneur Groff, to whom had been entrusted a newly founded mission in Dutch Guiana, went to Catholic Tilburg in quest of helpers. At once Father Donders offered himself; and to his joy—probably, also, to his surprise—he was accepted.

Dutch Guiana is about four times the size of little Holland. Its coast had been sighted by Columbus, in 1498, and in the following year by Amerigo Vespucci. Balboa and Sir Walter Raleigh had visited it; and as early as 1598 the Dutch had explored the coast, and soon afterward returned to found settlements. Missionaries had visited the country, but the first permanent mission was about to be established.

The inhabitants of the country, more numerous in 1842 than now, were of various and often fantastic beliefs, and of many races: Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and Negroes. Six hundred unfortunates lived in physical misery and moral degradation in a leper settlement called Batavia. The climate is hot and humid in the fertile portions of the country, but fairly healthful in the higher, arid regions. Yellow fever is a frequent scourge. It is of interest to us, Americans, that, in 1667, the Dutch gave New York to England in exchange for full rights in Guiana. When our Revolutionary War deprived the

British of New York they reasserted their claims to Guiana. After much quarreling the existing status was accepted in 1815, the British acquiring a larger slice of territory than the Dutch.

The new mission was poor. The natives were ignorant and degraded. Besides Father Donders, Monseigneur Groff had only two priests to help him, and the work clamoring to be done might easily have kept busy five times as many missionaries. All in all, Father Donders was in clover. He labored tirelessly among the Negroes on the plantations, and in a few years made fervent converts of 1200 of them. 1851 brought a terrible epidemic during which he toiled day and night until he, too, was stricken. He recovered, but slowly; and as soon as he was half-able, not only resumed his work among the blacks, but extended it to the Indians.

But among the Negroes and the Indians some sort of frugal comfort was possible. It was Batavia which Father Donders coveted; and ten years after reaching Dutch Guiana, he obtained permission to go there to live. For thirty-two years he ministered to six hundred lepers, never leaving them except to visit his Negroes or Indians.

As for Batavia, under his care it was transformed. Squallor gave place to cleanliness, oaths and despair to peace and resignation, paganism to Christianity. There was nothing that Father Donders was not ready gladly to do for his afflicted children. He even studied music that he might be able the better to amuse them, he who learned everything with difficulty. No doubt the key to his success with the lepers and to his long perseverance in so hard a life was the long, long nights which he spent in prayer before the Tabernacle.

The lonely, uneventful years at Batavia were interrupted by a great joy and grace. By order of the Holy See and the King of Holland the mission of Dutch Guiana was transferred to the Redemptorists; and then, God gave to Father Donders what He had refused to Peter, the student. At the age of fifty-six he was received as a novice, in due time made his profession, and returned to his lepers.

After a time another district was entrusted to him. He was assigned to the Indians who lived deep in almost impenetrable forests. Of civilization they knew nothing; of Christianity they had never heard. No missionary had ever even visited them. It was a field worthy of a saint.

When, at last, at the age of seventy-three, Father Donders was recalled to Paramaribo, the capital of the country, that he might rest there for the remainder of his days, he begged, instead, to be sent back to his beloved lepers.

For three years longer he lived in Batavia.
(Continued on page 510)

Newly Beatified Martyrs of Benedictine Order

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

AMONGST the 151 holy men and women who gave their lives for the true faith in England between the years 1583 and 1680, and who were beatified by the Holy Father on Gaudete Sunday, December 15, 1929, there were seven priests and one lay brother of Saint Benedict's Order. With them were raised to the altar sixty-three secular priests, twenty-one Jesuits, two Franciscans, one Minim, thirty-eight laymen and three women, one of the latter being Blessed Margaret Clithero, the pearl of York, the other, Anne Lyne, the companion of Blessed Mark Barkworth's martyrdom.

The number of Benedictine martyrs seems to be small, compared with that of the secular clergy, and the Society of Jesus, but there are good reasons for this difference. Cardinal Allen had already in 1568 established at Douay his famous seminary for secular priests, and its protomartyr, Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, died as early as 1577; the Society of Jesus was soon afterwards called to co-operate in the work of saving the faith in England by being entrusted with the education of priests for the English mission in the seminaries of Rome and Valladolid; and in consequence many of its students preferred to go to England as regular, rather than as secular priests.

On the other hand, because of the long persecution of the Church in England, the Benedictine Order had almost died out in that land since the death of Queen Mary, and there were for a long time neither men nor means available to found a monastery on the continent, from which to secure a supply of Benedictine

missionaries. Neither was there any encouragement on the part of the Roman authorities, or of the continental abbeys. Cardinal Allen had done his best in Rome towards obtaining permission for English Benedictines in Italy to go on the mission; but it was generally considered incompatible for a monk, who had vowed stability in a cloister, to live as a fugitive in England. Thus it did not come to pass until 1602 that a professed Benedictine was able to proceed to England as a missionary, whereas the college of Douai had by that time already sent over 300 priests, of whom about 100 became martyrs. The full establishment of the English monastery at Douay had to wait until 1611. Meantime three English Benedictines had then already obtained the crown of martyrdom.

1. BLESSED MARK BARKWORTH, O. S. B. (Feb. 27, 1601)

Blessed Mark Barkworth, O. S. B., the first Benedictine to die for the faith in the persecution waged against the Church in England by Henry VIII and his successors, the descendant of a Protestant family in Lincolnshire, must have been born about 1572. A woman predicted of him in his boyhood that he would come to the gallows. This prediction depressed his family considerably, and embittered his life at home, filling him with shame. He went to Oxford for his studies, but we are ignorant of his intention. He left without any apparent reason, probably in order to see life on the continent, as many youths of well-to-do parents did. He came by Divine Providence to Douay, to which Cardinal Allen's college



ST. BENEDICT WITH FOLLOWERS IN GLORY

had the previous year been retransferred from Rheims; and as there were several former Oxford students members of the college, it is not surprising that the well known spirit of Oxfordian brotherhood brought him in touch with his exiled Catholic countrymen. This led to his conversion, and to his reception into the Church, after "solid grounding in spirituality" by Father George, a Flemish Jesuit. After staying for less than two years at the college, the plague drove him with others first to Rome; but he came in 1596 to Valladolid with five fellow students from Douay.

We do not know whether he had met in Italy any of the young Englishmen who had entered the Cassinese Benedictine Congregation, and for whom Cardinal Allen had pleaded that they should be sent on the mission. His vocation to the monastic state is attributed by his biographers to a vision he had of St. Benedict on his journey from Rome to Valladolid. At the latter place he was, on favorable recommendations, admitted to the college, which had been founded by Philip II. Apparently his longing to become a Benedictine made itself manifest and was considered a danger for his fellow students, the authorities thinking it unfair to train young men for the retired life in a cloister, whereas the college was really meant to supply missionaries. Shortly after his ordination he was dismissed from the college. He vainly tried to secure admission into a Spanish Benedictine monastery, because he wanted to be a missionary as well as a monk, an idea which at that time had not yet found favor. It appears that at last he was accepted in the Abbey of Hyrache, but not in the ordinary way after the accustomed year of noviceship, but immediately as an Oblate. As such he was affiliated to the community, although not professed, with the privilege of making profession on his death bed, and with the right of being buried in the Benedictine habit. Therefore was he entitled to wear at his execution the monastic habit and tonsure, and to declare on the scaffold: "I come here to die, being a Catholic, a priest and a religious man, belonging to the Order of St. Benedict, by which Order this kingdom of England was first converted."

He travelled to England by way of France, in order to cross over from La Rochelle. The entrance into England was then forbidden to priests under death penalty. All the ports were watched in order to catch them, and the coast guards were full of zeal, in order to earn the high reward for the capture of a priest. Very often these were betrayed beforehand by government spies on the continent, some of whom were apostates, others, imposters, who under the pretext of being candidates for the missions entered the colleges and informed the coast guards as to the time of the departure of new

missionaries, their route, and their appearance. Our martyr in his shrewdness discovered that even Protestant English merchants in France misused their position in order to betray Catholic priests, whom they came across; he was not satisfied with having escaped their snares, but went on purpose to Paris, and having obtained an audience with King Henry IV, he succeeded in putting a stop to this disgraceful conduct.

Hardly anything is known of his career in England, except that it lasted only a short time, but was so successful that he was pursued with great zeal by the government officials. These, however, he several times eluded, because of his being a very shrewd and watchful man. It was not that he valued his life very highly, but rather in order not to decrease the very small and altogether insufficient number of priests in the country. At last he was caught and imprisoned. He was several times examined, but no evidence could be brought against him. Before his condemnation he refused to acknowledge his priesthood, first of all because he was not legally bound to do so, unless it could be proved; secondly, he did not wish to put the responsibility for the injustice of his execution on the ignorant jurymen, who would have been forced by sheer fear to pronounce him guilty merely for the fact of his priestly office.

The Lord Chief Justice plied him with a number of questions, which he parried with much skill and calmness. Asked by whom he would be tried, if not by the jury present, he replied:

"By God and His Apostles, and not by these unlearned men. For I was brought up to learning from a boy; and after taking my degree among the learned," (at Oxford, of which he was proud), "I spent in study full seven years more; let learned men judge in my case, and not such as are unlearned."

"Will you then be tried by a jury of Protestant ministers?" they asked.

"Preserve me from those hellish hounds," he answered.

"You would then be tried by priests?"

"Just so."

"Call then a jury of them," said the judge with a sneer.

"Your lordship knows well that a complete jury of them may be found in Wisbeach Castle."

After this the Lord Chief Justice withdrew; and he, together with the recorder, but without any witnesses or verdict of the jury, pronounced the sentence of death for high treason, adding a full description of the details of the execution. Thereupon the martyr fell upon his knees, joyfully thanking God and making the sign of the cross. He also thanked the judges for the great favor thus bestowed upon him,

and then exhorted the crowd present to lead good Christian lives and not to fear the world, "for," said he, "to die for justice and truth is a Christian's greatest gain; and he can desire no greater happiness than to shed his blood for Him who poured out His own so lavishly for us."

It was the same day on which the Earl of Essex, the fallen favorite of the old Queen, Elizabeth, was tried. When, therefore, the martyr was led back to his prison, some of the crowd asked his guards whether he was one of Lord Essex's ringleaders in the recent riot. The servant of God replied himself: "No, but I am a soldier of the great Captain, Christ, who am about to die for my faith."

In the horrible prison, into which he was thrown, he scrupled whether the strong expressions used against the spiteful and fanatical Calvinistic ministers had given scandal to his hearers. Explaining it in a letter from prison, he says about their heresy: "Twenty-two years was I nurtured with this pestiferous and deadly food, and the more attentively I consider it, the more vehemently do I hate and detest the foulness of the new doctrines, and this negation of faith."

On the appointed day he was dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn together with the two other newly beatified martyrs, Blessed Roger Filcock, S. J., and Blessed Anne Lyne. After the latter had been sentenced to death for harboring some persecuted priests, she exclaimed: "Far from repenting for having done so, I wish with all my soul that where I have entertained one, I could have entertained a thousand." She came sooner to the place of execution, and was already dead on the gallows when the two priests arrived. Blessed Mark reverently kissed the edge of her rope and her hand, crying out: "Ah, Sister, thou hast got the start of us, but we will follow thee as quickly as we may."

On the hurdle our martyr, with his truly Benedictine, liturgical spirit, sang out the Easter canticle: "Haec dies, this is the day, which the Lord has made: let us loudly rejoice and be glad thereat." He continued the canticle on the scaffold and paid no heed to the arrogant importunities of the Protestant ministers. He declared himself, as we have seen, to be a Catholic, a priest, and a Benedictine.

The martyr was spared no cruelty at his execution. When he had scarcely been hanged, the rope was cut, and he fell heavily down, somewhat dazed, but standing on his feet. He was dragged to the block, and there dismembered whilst still full conscious, his limbs being thrown into a heated cauldron. Then his body was ripped up and his bowels pulled out. At last, the heart, still beating, was torn from out his breast and shown to the people on the point of a halberd with the cry of the executioner:

"Behold the heart of a traitor." Thus, insult was added to injustice, to make the disciple resemble the Master more closely. During all these tortures he only repeated the Holy Name of Jesus and the humble prayer: "O God, have mercy on me."

For some reasons his limbs were not, as usual, exposed on the gates of the city, but were buried near the gallows. A London apprentice noticed that the knees of the amputated legs were hardened by much kneeling: whereupon he picked one up, and holding it out to the Protestant ministers he cried out: "Which of you gospellers can show such a knee?"

Blessed Roger Filcock who was martyred after him, encouraged him in his tortures, saying in Spanish: "Courage, Father! more pain, more glory!" It is greatly to the credit of Blessed Mark that he showed much love to the Fathers of the Society, although their brethren at Valladolid had dismissed him from the college. On the other hand, the Jesuits had great admiration for his work and his virtues; and their Provincial, Father Garnet, testified how well he behaved towards the Archpriest at the time when there were great dissensions amongst the missionary priests in England. His blood seems to have been the price required to open the English mission to the Benedictines, for they were able to enter England two years later. The glad news of this martyrdom inspired a number of enthusiastic youths from England to join his Order and to help in reconquering for Christ under the banner of their glorious Patriarch the land of St. Benedict.

(To be continued)

A Saint of Yesterday

(Continued from page 507)

A brother Redemptorist, himself a leper, then saw that Father Donders' strength was failing so rapidly that the end could not be far off, and he administered the last sacraments. The old saint, dying among his lepers, asked the Father to beg forgiveness of all to whom he had given pain, and to urge his people to avoid sin as the greatest of evils. On January 4, 1887, his tired eyes closed forever, and his patient heart found rest.

God presented Himself in the flesh to those who relished only things of the flesh in order thereby to lead them to relish things of the spirit.—St. Bernard.

O happy Pyx!
Ah! if my heart could only be
A little home for Him like thee,
Such fires my happy soul would move,
I could not help but die of love.—Faber.

A Beloved Prelate Summoned

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

NEWS of the untimely death of Rt. Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent's Abbey, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, comes as a shock not only to members of his Order, but to the Church at large.

This distinguished prelate, a native of Pittsburgh, was born April 30, 1877, made his studies at St. Vincent's, entered the Benedictine Order in 1892, and was ordained priest in 1899.

He was professor in the College from 1899 till 1918, teaching at different times Latin, Greek, English, Liturgy, and Sacred Scripture, at the same time he performed parochial duties at mission parishes. On June 25, 1918, he was elected Coadjutor Abbot of St. Vincent, and this election was confirmed by the papal decree on July 6, 1918. On October 2 of the same year the solemn blessing of the Abbot-elect by the late Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, of Pittsburgh, took place in the Archabbey Church. He became Archabbot of St. Vincent on September 3, 1920, being the fourth Archabbot of St. Vincent.

As Archabbot, he was the Superior of the largest Benedictine community in the United States and one of the largest in the world, and as such ably carried on the excellent work of his predecessors.

To further the cause of education and religion in Colorado, he was instrumental in establishing a canonical priory in Pueblo, which has since grown into Holy Cross Abbey. His election as Visitator of the American Cassinese Congregation from 1923 to 1926, and again from 1926 to 1929, was a tribute to the vital interest which he had in the progress of the Benedictine Order in America.

He was a member of the National Benedictine Educational Association, the National Catholic Educational Association, National Educational

Association, National Aeronautical Association, The National Catholic Welfare Council, and at various times he held executive positions in these associations. He was also an honorary member of the Westmoreland County Bar Association.

As a true Benedictine, in 1924, at the request of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, the Rt. Rev. Archabbot founded the Catholic University of Pekin, China. He was appointed first chancellor of the university that year. Though the Catholic University is a corporate member of the American Benedictines of the Cassinese Congregation, the burden of securing men and means for this great undertaking was left to the Rt. Rev. Archabbot. In 1926 he went to purchase additional property. In 1929 he was called to Rome by Pope Pius XI to discuss plans for the further expansion of the university, especially with regard to founding a regional Seminary with complete courses in Philosophy and Sacred Theology. During his sojourn in the Eternal City, he was re-appointed as Chancellor of the university for the next five years.

The great responsibilities that claimed his time and attention, both at St. Vincent and in the Orient, did not prevent him from taking a deep interest in another important American problem, the education of the Negro. When the offer came, in the early part of 1929, to take over the St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural School at Bellmead, Rock Castle, Va., he sent three Fathers from St. Vincent to take complete charge of the school, farm, and shops.

Many years of experience as master of ceremonies at all religious services at the Archabbey made him an authority on liturgy. In 1916 he published "The Manual of Episcopal Ceremonies," which is a classic on matters liturgical and has become a

(Continued on page 503)



ARCHABBOT AURELIUS STEHLE, O. S. B.

Notes of Interest

Benedictine

—Dom Swithun Bell, O. S. B., has been sent from Fort Augustus Abbey, Scotland, to Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island by Dom Wulstan Knowles, formerly prior of the latter place but now Abbot of Fort Augustus.

—Dom Callistus Stehle, O. S. B., of the Catholic University of Peking, China, and brother of Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, of St. Vincent Archabbey in Pennsylvania, recently delivered over the Paulist Fathers' radio station in New York a series of lectures on "China and the Faith."

—From the same station Dom Benedict Bradley, O. S. B., of Newark, N. J., lectured on the liturgy one night each week in January and February.

—On Christmas eve Brother Anthony Kellenberg, of Conception Abbey, was called to his eternal reward. Born in Switzerland, on July 18, 1848, of Protestant parents, he was converted to the Faith by Father Frowin Conrad, of Engelberg Abbey, who received him into the Church on Christmas Day, 1871. Two years later the future founder of Conception Abbey went to America. Shortly thereafter he was followed by his convert, who desired to cast his lot with the new community on the prairies of Northwestern Missouri. There on January 1, 1875, the novice consecrated himself to the service of God by the vows of religion. At the time of the golden jubilee of his profession Brother Anthony received the special blessing of Pope Pius XI.

—In the death of Dom Julius Baudot, on Dec. 24, Farnborough Abbey, Hants, England, lost a noted liturgiologist. At the time of his death the deceased was working on a twelve-volume life of the saints, one volume for each month. Only a part of his task had been accomplished. The work had been very carefully planned even to the smallest detail.

—Rev. Alexius Udavcek, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, only seven months a priest, met with sudden death in an automobile accident on Jan. 20th, while returning from a Sunday mission. The deceased who was born on Nov. 29, 1901, was professor of botany and biology at St. Vincent College. The car in which he was riding was "side-swiped" by another car, which caused it to overturn. The other occupant of the car, also a priest, was seriously injured.

—St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, D. C., was augmented last fall by four novices who began their year of probation at Fort Augustus Abbey, Scotland. With the increase of numbers the living quarters of the community will have to keep pace. A new building will be needed in the near future. The present cottage will have to be abandoned for more commodious quarters.

—Rev. Placid Wingerter, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, passed the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession on Jan. 23. The greater part of the jubilarian's monastic life has been spent in the classroom as teacher of the ancient languages. Called to Rome in 1899, Father Placid taught in the Greek College for five years.

—Dom John Adalbert O'Sullivan, O. S. B., of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, England, died on Jan. 7th in his ninety-seventh year. Dom Adalbert was born on Dec. 26, 1832, in Kilkenny, Ireland. Educated at Downside Abbey in England, he went to Italy and made his novitiate at Subiaco, where St. Benedict spent three years unknown to the world in the Sacro Speco and where he laid the firm foundation of the Order that has endured more than fourteen centuries. In this holy place Dom Adalbert made his religious profession on Dec. 8, 1853. The priesthood was conferred upon him on March 8, 1856. One of the founders of Ramsgate Abbey, which was established in 1861, he desired to found at Ramsgate also a convent for Benedictine Nuns among whom his mother and a sister were religious. In 1861 he was recalled to Subiaco for a year. In 1867 he endeavored to establish a monastery at Leopoldstown, near Dublin, in his native land, but after ten years the attempt had to be given up. From 1880 to 1891 he presided over a Benedictine mission at Auckland, New Zealand. From 1904 to 1914 he was chaplain and confessor of Benedictine Nuns of St. John the Baptist Abbey at Subiaco. The remaining fifteen years of his life were spent with the Daughters of the Cross at Cheam.

—Dom André Mocquereau, O. S. B., of Solesmes Abbey, France, internationally known as an authority on Gregorian chant, died recently in his eighty-first year. The deceased, who was born on June 6, 1849, made his religious profession on April 9, 1877, and was ordained to the priesthood on Dec. 28, 1879. Possessing great musical talent from his youth, Dom Mocquereau devoted his religious life to the study of liturgical music. It was due in great measure to his untiring efforts by means of photographic reproductions of medieval manuscripts that he was enabled in our times to restore the ancient chant of the Church. The deceased, who was not a stranger on this side of the Atlantic, conducted lectures on Gregorian Chant during the summer session of 1922 at the Pius X Institute in New York.

—With the opening of the new hall at the Catholic University of Peking, says *Fides Service*, the buildings will be spacious enough to accommodate 400 resident students and a large day attendance, besides an assembly hall that will seat more than 1,000 students and seventy-five professors. Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., designed the new building in the Chinese Christian style. The cornerstone was laid on Nov. 12. The cost of construction is estimated at \$600,000. The Catholic University has made wonderful progress in the short space of less than five years.

—Feeling the burden of office too heavy, because of continued ill health and his advancing years, the Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B. Abbot of St. Meinrad Abbey, has deemed it advisable to ask the Holy See for a Coadjutor. Under date of January 13, 1930, the petition was granted. In accordance with this decision the members of the chapter of St. Meinrad Abbey have been informed that the election of a Coadjutor Abbot with right of succession will take place at the Abbey on March 11th.

KWEERY KORNER

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to **THE GRAIL**, St. Meinrad, Ind.

I have seen the Stations placed differently in various churches; in some the first station is on the Gospel side and in others on the Epistle side. Which is correct?

—Chicago, Ill.

There is no fast and set rule concerning the way in which Stations are placed in a church. The general rule is to install the Station in accordance with the direction taken by the figure of Christ in the various Station groups; that is, the figure of Christ should walk, as it were, from the altar at the beginning and continue thus unto the return to the altar on the other side of the church.

Is it true that the Little Flower is the greatest saint in heaven next to the Blessed Virgin?—Biloxi, Miss.

That is a question which no one but God can answer. The author of the Imitation of Christ has very wisely pointed out that it is far better to imitate the lives of the saints than to dispute over their place in heaven. The editor of this column does not hesitate to say that every Catholic should be devoted to the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph, the Patron Saint and the Guardian Angel first; if after our full share of fealty has been given to these, time still remains for other saints, then it is very commendable to pray to any saint for whom we cherish a special devotion.

If I accidentally overhear something that is said in another's confession what should I do?—Pittsburgh, Pa.

Keep the matter forever a secret. To mention such a thing would be a great wrong. You should never crowd near enough to a confessional to overhear anything that might be said.

Which is better, to make a retreat or a mission?—Cleveland, Ohio.

Why not make both? When a mission is given in a parish, every good practical Catholic will certainly make the mission, the good example given alone being a reason for so doing. A late letter of the Holy Father stresses the great value of the retreats and every Catholic would do well to take advantage of a yearly retreat. The growth of the retreat movement in all parts of our country now makes it possible almost everywhere to avail one's self of this truly great spiritual opportunity.

Was the sin of our first parents a mortal sin?—Atlanta, Ga.

The consensus of opinion amongst all theologians is that the sin of our first parents was a mortal sin. If we judge the manner in which it was punished by God we can certainly see that it was a grievous sin.

Why should there be a general judgment at the end of the world if we are all judged privately at the moment of death?—Covington, Ky.

The general judgment, foretold in the Scriptures, gives occasion for the vindication of God's justice. At that time many things, now little understood on the part of God, will be made clear; as for example, why the innocent suffer, why the wicked prosper, etc. Also, the final sentence meted out to every individual will then receive its proper vindication.

Is death an evil?—Denver, Colo.

Death is the wages of sin; it is one of the punishments of sin. In general death may therefore be called evil, in as far as it is the consequence of evil. But in the particular case death may be and often is a blessing in disguise.

Is constant temptation a sign that one is lost?—Springfield, Ill.

By no means. In fact, constant temptation may be a sign of the special love of God for us. Many of the greatest saints suffered constant temptations. God loves to try His faithful servants. Temptation gives us opportunity to gain rich merits; shows us how weak we are of ourselves; causes us to cast ourselves upon God with utter dependence; and, best of all, makes us patient with the shortcomings of others. Our prayer need not be so much to be spared from temptation, as that we may be given the strength to overcome temptation.

What is the best sign that we are truly sorry for our sins?—New Orleans, La.

The very best sign is that we never fall back into the same sins again. If I truly regret an action in my life I will not be guilty of that action a second time. This applies very distinctly in the matter of sin; better than tears and sanctimonious sighs for past sin is the absolute avoidance of wrongdoing for the future.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 515)

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Beautiful, beaded handbags \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00; Baby moccasins, \$1.00; Headband, solid beading, \$2.00; War club, beaded handle and stone head, \$2.00; Bracelets 50¢; Flower holders, buckskin, beaded, 50¢; 1 pair beautiful crocheted garters, with tiny golden beads, \$1.00; Tea aprons, 50¢; Silk-patch quilt tops, each patch featherstitched on heavy muslin, \$8.00 each.

A box of embroidery work done by Father Sylvester's girls: Buffet set of 1 large and 2 small doilies, 50¢; Embroidered tray cloth, lace edge, 50¢; 1 large square doily, 50¢! Embroidered rompers of white, Indian-head linen, (for child of 2½ or 3 years), \$1.00; Embroidered knife, fork, and spoon case, lined in white cotton flannel, \$1.00 each; Long, infant coat of fine white serge, featherstitched in pale blue, \$3.00; 2 embroidered scarfs at \$1.00 each; 4 embroidered scarfs at \$2.00 each (larger); Embroidered laundry bag in pink, 75¢; Emb. luncheon cloth with four napkins, in light blue, lace-edged, \$3.00; Square emb. cushion top, neatly backed, and edged with fringe, \$1.00; Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis Mo. Remittance must accompany orders.



Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON



OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE "FAG END" OF WINTER

Winter, the long, dreary season of gray skies and blizzards and low, cruel temperatures out on the prairies and reservations, is nearing an end; yet, before the welcome blue skies and soft breezes of May come 'round, there will still be much uncomfortable weather to be lived through. The Indians, merely existing from hand to mouth in their poor, wind-swept cabins, long with many sighs for the summer months to come, as that is the only time they enjoy some degree of comfort. All winter they have worn every stitch of clothing they possibly owned, for their cabins are full of cracks, often their roofs leak, and the fuel they burn in their battered stoves is more often than not insufficient or inadequate to keep them warm. Coal is out of the question; they must cut wood miles away in the woods around the Missouri River, or burn the dried corn cobs from their meager crop of the summer before.

There are never enough beds for all the family; perhaps one double bed and a cot. The rest must roll up in a quilt and sleep on the cold, drafty floor. No wonder they catch colds, and then, for want of proper medicaments with which to cure themselves, drag along until the simple cold becomes chronic and turns into the dreaded T. B. Then, there is insufficient nourishing food; most of them are glad to live through the winter on one meal a day, and this, on the most frugal of foods.

Ah, would that our President would sincerely look into these deplorable conditions, and recommend that an appropriation be made for the care of these poor, neglected people! We take care of our Negroes, but what do we do for our Indians? All that our brave, courageous missionaries can do with their willing hands and insufficient funds, is but "a drop in the bucket" as the saying is, where there are so many souls to be

taken care of. Yet, we must do our utmost; we cannot let these souls languish and die out in the fruitless wilderness to which they have been banished. Perhaps if all our Catholics could be roused up to do something for these poor people, there would not be so much want, and if a great many of our young men and girls could be so imbued with the missionary spirit as to dedicate their lives to this glorious work of winning souls for Christ while taking care of their bodies and educating them as well in secular studies, the problem would be in a great way to be solved.

But Father Sylvester estimates that only one out of a hundred responds to the many letters of appeal he sends out. Could these people, who throw away letters of appeal in the wastebasket, but visit the missions, see the work that is being done to uplift the little ones from their poverty and malnutrition and ignorance, and see the poverty-stricken homes of their parents, they would never again refuse at least some little mite to help the great work along. Of course, there are so many demands on our charity, but there never was a more worthy cause than our own Indian missions in the West and Northwest. At least let us save every single piece of clothing we can lay hands on or do without, and send it to these poor, suffering souls, who live without murmuring, taking their hard lot as stoically as the Indian was always taught to accept hard luck. So much clothing goes to waste—is thrown in the rags or sold for a few cents—let us send all to the missions. And now and then, slip in a piece of soap, or some buttons and needles and thread, or tablets and pencils, or a can of milk for the babies, or a pound of beans, or just anything that happens to strike your fancy—the love of your heart will dictate what to send. It is astonishing how many things one can gather together in a short while if one has the missions in mind. Just get an empty cardboard grocery box, and every time you think of discarding something, think: Could the missions use it? If it has a hole, patch it; if soiled, wash and press it. Perhaps it is a torn rosary; repair it and put it into the box; perhaps a prayer book with a loose cover; paste it. A pair of shoes, still good, that sister no longer wants; some underwear outgrown, etc. Your box will soon be full.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that everything is going on fine at the new school; everybody working hard, happy, and busy as bees. What a joy to have these little children back where they will be well taken care of, fed, clothed, and taught to be upright citizens and children of God! Father is breathing a little easier now, but he had a very bad time of it for three years. Father Sylvester, the good missionary of St. Paul's, Marty, S. Dak., helped not a little in getting the new school started. Everything that could be spared at St. Paul's was loaded on the mission truck and carted over to Fort Totten. St. Paul's installed a new light plant recently, having outgrown the old one, so the entire machinery was brought over to Seven Dolors, where it is now doing duty in the Little Flower School. We print a picture of this kind, ever-smiling missionary, who laughs at difficulties, snaps his fingers at obstacles, and plows right through debt, troubles, and worries and comes out on top every time.



A NORTH DAKOTA HIGHWAY IN MIDWINTER

VICTROLA, ORGAN, RADIO NEEDED

Out on the far prairie, where the only music is that of the whining, sighing winter winds, and the laughter and cries of the children at play, something is needed to keep up the good spirits and morale of all. Music is the one medium that uplifts souls, be they savage or civilized, and the Indian soul is peculiarly susceptible to music. Father Ambrose would like very much to have a victrola for the children's play room and an organ for the chapel. A radio, too, if possible, but he will be unable to purchase any of these things himself. So, seeing that readers of THE GRAIL were so generous in the matter of sewing machines for the missions, perhaps they would find pleasure in sending donations for the purchase of the above-named articles? In St. Louis, there are large stores, where victrolas have been exchanged for the latest type radios, also older style radios. These discarded instruments may be purchased for as low as \$7.50—still in perfect order, merely traded for something newer. Small organs may be obtained for \$10.00. The freight on an organ is about \$18.00 (from St. Louis.) On the other instruments, about \$2.50. Could we not get together and by small donations, gather the amount needed to make these children happy?

Or perhaps someone has such an instrument he would be glad to send? Write us what you have. If you cannot pay the freight, we will try to get it for you, if you will find out what it is. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

PICTURES, CRUCIFIXES, STATUES

Perhaps, too, many of our readers have framed pictures they no longer want—saints' pictures, landscapes, national heroes, fruit or animal pictures. Send them to ornament the bare walls of Little Flower School. Also any crucifixes or statuary you may have. A library for the children would be very desirable too; all the story books formerly possessed by the mission were burned up in the fire. Anyone having story books they could do without, kindly send them to Seven Dollars. If each reader would send only one book, what a fine library that would make! Of course, they should be on subjects readable by children—boy and girl series, Catholic stories, biographies, lives of saints, etc.

One donation has been received—\$1.00 from Mrs. D., of Indianapolis, Ind., for organ or victrola. May God bless her! She has four little girls of own. May we hear from many others!

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

St. Paul's shelters about two hundred fifty little Bronzed Angels, all coming from the poorest of families, some of them orphans too. What a wonderful work this is can only be realized by making an actual visit to these missions. When these little children graduate from the mission school, they will have been equipped with the best of secular knowledge, a thorough religious education, fortified by the Sacrament, and besides, they learn many useful trades and occupations. When this generation grows up, there will not be so many helpless Indians on the reservation, for an educated Indian will be able to take his place in the city, along

with his white neighbors. And this is what Father Sylvester is laboring so hard to achieve. His motto is, "Get them young," and when they grow up, they will be able to find for themselves. He has been trying hard to provide work for some of his people. For a short time, during the cornhusking period, the Indians are in demand on the farms, but after that, they are forced to become "lazy Indian" again, because there is nothing to do. So Father put them to work at digging the basement for the proposed new dormitory building. As the earth is frozen to a depth of two-and-a-half feet or more, dynamiting was resorted to. But after spending a week at the task, it was given up as impossible. And so the Indians were again out of work. They were willing to work for twenty cents an hour, and support their families on it. How they get through the winter, is often a puzzle even to those who live among them.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

The school here is full to overflowing; they have had to refuse admittance to many because of lack of space. Although a new classroom was added last year, it does not take long to fill every available space, for there are many, many more Indians on the reservations than there are schools for, Government or otherwise.

Father Justin has not been able to purchase the new oven yet, to replace the old, burnt-out one. The fact is, groceries, coal, and other necessary expenses have taken every cent he could lay hands on, for it takes a great deal of money to keep such an institution going, with nothing to depend on but donations coming in the mail.—Miss J. S., Philadelphia, sent \$27.00 for the oven fund, besides a donation of \$3.00.

Send donations for new oven direct to Father Justin, or to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., and mark "Oven Fund."

SILVER FOIL, ET CETERA

The following persons are continuing to send in silver foil most faithfully—also rosaries, holy pictures, medals, etc. But first we will list those who sent silver foil: Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, Mo., who sends in a bundle every now and then; Mrs. A. S. Heitlinger, Leavenworth, Kans.; Miss Mary Holleran, Cincinnati, O.; Miss M. M., New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Marie Weatherby, Reading, Pa. The following sent rosaries, holy pictures, prayer books, medals, etc.: Miss Alberta Fisher, St. Meinrad, Ind.; Miss Rita Frederick, Meriden, Conn.; Miss Theresa Paske, Wabasha, Minn.; F. C. Miethe, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. Suttman, Cincinnati, O.; and Mrs. M. Corcoran, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sent a box of clothing. To judge by the way these boxes were packed, there is only one way to describe them: they were "most lovingly prepared," and may God bless them all for their trouble and care.

However, just a little reminder. Some good people have sent silver foil direct to the missionaries; they have no way of disposing of it. Send silver foil to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo. Also send no clothing to Clare Hampton, but send direct to the missions.—(Continued on page 513)



FATHER SYLVESTER



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

MARCH

Ah! March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

—HELEN HUNT.

THE ANNUNCIATION

Six months after he had brought a similar message to Zachary who was officiating in the temple, the Angel Gabriel was sent by God to a virgin named Mary, who was espoused to a man named Joseph. When the Angel came, he greeted Mary with the words, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." The Angel informed Mary that God, who had great designs in her, had chosen her to be the mother of His only begotten Son, and that she should call His name Jesus. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee," he said, "and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee: And therefore, also, the Holy that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

The message brought to Mary by the Angel Gabriel is called the Annunciation. The feast of the Annunciation is celebrated by the Church on March 25th.—Of course, you know that in memory of the Annunciation we say the "Angelus" prayer at morning, noon, and night: "The angel of the Lord announced to Mary, and she conceived of the Holy Ghost," etc. Be faithful in saying this beautiful prayer.—A. V.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

The cradle means the coffin, and the coffin means the grave;
The mother's song scarce hides the "De Profundis" of the priest;
You may cull the fairest flowers any May day ever gave,
But they wither while you wear them, ere the ending of your feast.

And our dim eyes seek a beacon, and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries see the meaning and the key;
And the Cross gleams o'er our pathway—on it hangs the Crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the whispered—"Follow Me."

—FATHER RYAN.

PRAY FOR MY SOUL

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayers
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEN LITTLE ERRORS

Ten little errors once spoke to Bobby Tryne.
He learned "It is I" for "It is me"; then there were nine.

Nine little errors; sorry to relate—
He said "It don't" for "It doesn't"; and then there were eight.

Eight little errors. (I'm glad there weren't eleven);
"He spoke to whom?" for "He spoke to who?"; then there were seven.

Seven little errors. His tongue the words would mix!
He learned "It isn't" for "It haint"; and then there were six.

Six little errors—sure as I'm alive —
He said "May I go?" for "Can I go?"; then there were five.

Five little errors. He struggled o'er and o'er
To say "There is no" for "There isn't no"; then there were four.

Four little errors, ungrammatical as could be!
He said "He lay down" for "He laid down"; then there were three.

Three little errors. (It's fine there were so few!);
He learned "Were I you" for "Was I you"; and then there were two.

Two little errors—Both he tried to shun.
"It is she" for "It is her"; then there was but one.
The last little error at length was on the run—
He used "sitting hen" for "setting hen"; then there were none!

No, it wasn't easy to make such errors right;
But by his perseverance, Bobby won the fight.

—ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

A GENTLEMAN

According to Cardinal Newman's definition, a gentleman is one who never gives pain; who is never mean nor little in disputes; who never takes unfair advantages; who never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments; one who is always candid and considerate. How many who consider themselves gentlemen measure up to this definition?—O'K Service.

AND WHY NOT?

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell SU,
And an E and a Y and E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And a H E D spell side,
There's nothing much for a speller to do
But go and commit siouxeyesighed.—Ex.

LETTER BOX

All letters for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

A FIDELITY BUTTON will be sent to those who follow these rules carefully and write an acceptable letter. A second acceptable letter will be rewarded with a B-Z-B or DILIGENCE BUTTON.

CORNERITES HEARD FROM

Cornelia Hellman, Louisville, Ky., writes that she has lost her "Fidelity Button" and wishes to know how to get another. Write a good, newsy letter, Cornelia, and make it free from grammatical errors.

Miss Milagros Tejucu, The Cervantes Hall, Sta. Cruz, Manila, P. I., was recently handed a copy of THE GRAIL. She wishes to know more about THE CORNER. Did you read her letter? Won't some one of you please send her your copies of THE GRAIL when you have finished reading them, or better still, send her a year's subscription? She wants to correspond with other readers, too. Who will write to her right away? She asks so many questions that I am sure she is eager to know about our splendid magazine.

Marie De Roller, 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y., has found a friend through the CORNER, and she wins a button, too.

Kathleen Petrucio, 571 Perry St., Trenton, N. J., is a new member who wishes correspondents and a "Fidelity Button."

Dorothy Mountford, 26 Ogden St., Trenton, N. J., is a new nine-year-old member.

Rita De Roller, 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y., forgot to leave a margin on her letter. She wishes correspondents.

Gladys Hayes, 13, wins a button this time after repeated attempts, but she forgot to give her address, so we cannot mail it till we hear from her again.

Josephine Fitzgibbons, (12), 19 Leeds St., Stamford, Conn., is a new member and a button winner.

Regina Mikucka, 1625 N. Claremont Ave., Chicago, wrote a long interesting letter, but on both sides of the paper. Sorry, but into the basket it has to go. Try again, Regina, and observe the rules.

Mary A. Mekeres, 456 N. East St., Greensburg, Indiana, is another new member. Perhaps she doesn't know the rules. Write again, Mary, and use only one side of the paper, please.

Dorothy Klaud, from somewhere, writes a neat letter, and she uses a typewriter, too, which delights the editor of THE CORNER, but no button shall be sent until she writes again and gives us her address. Too bad, Dorothy.

Here is a letter from Katherine L. Katsaca, 240 Kingston Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., who is in a Rest Home, and wishes cornerites to write to her. Surely several will grant her request. Nice letter, too. Followed all the rules. She wins a "Fidelity Button." Her age? She is 16.

The next letter here looks as if it were written by the same person. It is likewise from the same place. Elizabeth Mary Cody, (16), 240 Kingston Ave. She also is in a Rest Home, and wishes to hear from other Cornerites. She writes to a girl in the Philippine Islands. Write to her, some of you Cornerites, won't you? Yes, she wins a button.

Next. Mildred Stastny, (14), 3807 West 3rd St., Chicago, Ill., is interested in THE CORNER, also. She wishes correspondents. Send her a button.

Another letter from Brooklyn, N. Y. 240 Kingston Ave. That is the Rest Home address, isn't it? Anne Shenton, (16), has suffered a nervous breakdown. She wishes to hear from other readers, and to win a button. I am sure some of you will write her. She shall receive a button, too.

What is the postmark here? 2317-78 Avenue, Elmwood Park, Ill. Mildred Lorence, (14), says she will be proud to wear a "Fidelity Button." All right, Mildred, your wish shall be gratified since you followed the rules.

Well, another letter from New York. Bernadette Yaeger, 58 Domedian Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., won a button, also a correspondent friend, and wishes to hear from others.

Chicago, Ill., 4946 So. Kedvale Ave. Theresa Pionkowski, has been reading the CHILDREN'S CORNER for a year. She is 17 and has been graduated from a girl's high school. She says she shall be happy if her name is among those to whom a button is awarded. All right, Miss Theresa, you win. A button is yours.

Well, well, well! Chicago, again! Who this time? Dorothy Stevens, 5237 S. Turner Ave. Dorothy is a little girl in the sixth grade. Such a nice penman. Wish you could take a peek at her letter. Goes to a Sister's school. Has learned to weave baskets. She wishes to win a button. All right, Dorothy, you shall have one.

Buffalo, N. Y., 58 Domedian Ave., Robert Yaeger, (10), learns he did not know the rules, and since he believes in perseverance, he is trying again. Good for you, Robert. You win this time.

It looks as if New York and Chicago were running a race. Here is another from Chicago, 5237 South Turner Ave. Frederick Stevens wishes to win a button also. He attends a sister's school, and is in the eighth grade. He says he will go to St. Meinrad next year to study for the priesthood. Isn't that splendid! Congratulations, Frederick! Your letter was beautifully written. A button is yours.

Two more young ladies from Chicago are waiting to be admitted and wishing to receive "Fidelity Buttons." Meet Helen O'Donnell, aged 12, a seventh grader in a Catholic school. She whispered to me that she reads many magazines but that she likes THE GRAIL best! Isn't that just too nice for anything? She says that one of the sisters recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of her religious profession and that the pupils offered a spiritual bouquet of Holy Communions for her and gave her small gifts also. I am sure the Sister was very happy. Helen wishes correspondents. Her address is 2442 Surrey Court, Chicago.

Now I am pleased to present to you Eileen Howard, (12), 7th grade, St. Bonaventure's school. She likes THE GRAIL and reads the CORNER first. Thank you, Eileen. Yes, you win a "Fidelity Button." She doesn't say what are her wishes in regard to correspondents so you'll have to write and ask her. Her address is, 2615 Bosworth Ave., Chicago.

Come with me to the New England States, please. This little lady whom I have the pleasure of presenting is Dorothy Coracci, (10), West Hartford, Conn., 716 Park Road. She is interested, too, and hopes to win a button, and to correspond with girls of her age. Here's hoping that all her wishes may be fulfilled.

Returning from the East, let us stop in Ohio long enough to meet Eleanor Kelly of Dayton, 705 Park View Ave. Sophomore in public school, age 15, wishes both boys and girls of near that age to write to her, hopes to win a button, enjoys the CORNER. Well, here goes the button. Some of the rest of you take care of the correspondence, will you? Thanks.

Two new nieces knocking at the door. Good morning, Girls! Come right in. Glad to see you. Children, meet Anne Guillaume, 1954 N. 25th St., Kansas City, Kansas, and I believe the first from that city and state to ask to join us. Anne is 15, a sophomore in a Catholic school taught by the Sisters of Charity. She wishes correspondents. Her letter is neat and merits a button. Write a big long letter, Anne, telling us something of interest, so you may have a "B-Z-B Button" as well as a "Fidelity Button."

And this 12-year-old Freshman is Charlotte Birmingham, 5515 So. Wells St., Chicago. She hopes to win a button, but doesn't state whether or not she cares for correspondents, so she will have to write again and let us know. Better write a big interesting letter about your beautiful city. I know you would like to wear a B-Z-B.

Is that all? Not so bad for this month is it? But you know I just can't help wondering why we never hear from any of the winners of Fidelity Buttons who want B-Z-B buttons? The second button is really so much nicer than the first that I know, if you could see it, everyone of you would write the very best letter possible. Please do not be satisfied with but one appearance in the CORNER. Come often, and try to tell something of more than ordinary interest. Each of you can dig up something surely. Now, all together! Ready? Let's go for a more interesting CORNER! And everyone who reads this, please boost! Good Luck!

AUNT AGNES.

EXCHANGE SMILES

The other day, in a crowded shop, a small boy, looking rather bewildered, approached a police officer and said:

"Please, sir, have you seen anthing of a lady around here?"

"Why, yes," answered the officer; "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy."

"Yes."

"Well," said the little chap, as a relieved look crossed his face, "I'm the little boy."

It was Kenneth's first day at school.

When all the children were seated he raised his hand and said: "I can spell cat and can count up to seven and write my own name, so you won't have to bother to teach me much."

"What are you doing, Marjory?"

"I'm writing a letter to Lily Smif."

"But, darling, you don't know how to write."

"That's no difference, mama. Lily don't know how to read."—Ex.

Sister—"Which of the parables of Our Lord do you like best, Fred?"

Fred—"The one about the 'loafs' and fishes," responded the bright one who was not overfond of work

BROOKLETS

(A first attempt)

When we wander through the woodland
Noting beauties, one by one,
We cannot keep from thinking
Of what our dear God has done.

Here there flows a little brooklet
Winding slowly to the sea;
When I think of its adventures
A feeling strange comes over me.

Down the hill and through the valleys
This little brooklet winds its way;
Never stopping, never tiring,
Though long and dreary be the day.

So must we attempt our journey,
In this world of ceaseless strife;
Never shirking, never stopping,
Try to make a success of life.

—Mary Ruth Lavin, class of '31, Academy of Immaculate Conception, Ferdinand, Ind.

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

(Continued from page 525)

"They have indeed. What they have accomplished in diphtheria, they have equalled in smallpox and typhoid fever, and very soon we hope to control scarlet fever and other infectious diseases also."

"They haven't got anywhere with cancer yet."

"Not very far."

"Well, I wish they could do something about that. I am afraid of cancer."

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 486)

sessing this twofold character and the capability of satisfying the demands of both body and soul. Thus shall we avoid the extremes of spiritualism and ritualism in the liturgy.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Of themselves the outward acts have no value whatsoever, except in so far as they may be considered precise or harmonious or graceful by the onlooker—and that is certainly a matter of personal endeavor and of personal opinion. The real value of liturgical actions comes from their connection with the internal acts of the soul, of which they are the visible expression. We know from our catechism that a sacrament consists of an outward sign, coupled with an inward grace and institution by Jesus Christ. The form of the sacrament would have no worth, if it were not that it signifies a change of soul produced by the grace proper to the sacrament. We owe it to the liturgy that our internal

acts are more intense, more generous and whole-hearted; for the liturgy, while it serves as an outlet for the higher and nobler passions, at the same time stimulates them to increased earnestness and intensity.

THE SPIRIT OF LENT

We have, during Lent, a striking example of the liturgy's efficacy in arousing the better feelings of the human heart. The Church ushers us into this forty-day season of penance by means of three weeks which bear a penitential character. The Office of Septuagesima Sunday relates the disgrace and degradation of the human race, following the sin of Adam; that of Sexagesima refers to the deluge, the penalty of man's wickedness; that of Quinquagesima pictures to us the sacrifice of Abraham. This prefatory period is followed and climaxed by the imposing ceremonies of Ash Wednesday, when we are reminded of our low estate as sinful creatures and of our high calling as sons of God and heirs of Heaven. And with the inception of that day we launch forth into the liturgical season of Quadragesima, or Lent. The whole spirit of the liturgy during this season seems to be nothing more than the spirit of the two sacraments of the dead, Baptism and Penance, for which the Church is preparing us. Summed up in a few words, our Lenten liturgy expresses this sentiment: Die to sin, in order to live to, and for, and in, Christ.

Our Frontispiece

The first of the parables of our Divine Teacher relating to the kingdom of God in its gradual development, its nature and its workings is that of "The Sower." Since the time of Pope St. Gregory the Great (d. 604) Holy Mother Church has appointed this parable as narrated by St. Luke to be read as the Gospel for Sexagesima Sunday. Let us read it as told by St. Matthew 13:3-9.

THE PARABLE

"Behold, the sower went out to sow. And whilst he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the birds of the air came and ate them up. And some other fell upon stony ground, where they had not much earth: and they sprang up immediately, because they had no depth of earth. And when the sun was up they were scorched: and because they had not root, they withered away. And others fell among thorns: and the thorns grew up and choked them. And others fell upon good ground: and they brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold. He that has ears to hear, let him hear."

ITS EXPLANATION

Our Lord delivered this discourse by the lovely shore of Lake Tiberias. As the crowds were pressing more and more closely around Him, He entered a fishing boat, which perhaps belonged to Peter or to some other of the disciples, and seated Himself therein, facing the people. The country round the Sea of Galilee is still at the present day the most beautiful region in Pales-

tine, especially in March and April. The lovely hills and valleys are then covered with a beautiful carpet of verdant green shimmering with many-colored flowers and plants. Wherever man is not sparing of his labor and industriously cultivates his fields, the grateful earth readily yields him a rich harvest. We need not suppose that our Savior in His parable referred to a particular sower in an adjacent field, as His hearers were familiar with this example from daily life.

The sowing season in Palestine, as a rule, is in November when the first spring rains have fallen, for on these the sprouting of the seed in the dry soil depends. About five or six months suffice for the full growth of the corn, and if the last rains fall at the end of March or in the beginning of April, then the harvest follows very quickly at the end of April or in the first days of May.

By the lake shore, as elsewhere in Palestine, were two different kinds of arable land. That of the plains consisted for the most part, if not wholly, of good fertile soil. But the narrow ridges and slopes of the hills and the bottoms of the valleys were also cultivated. On account of the hilly nature of the land, this is by far the most usual kind of soil. A very primitive plow or a hoe was mostly used to loosen the hard ground a little, in order that the seed might be distributed evenly; or else it was scattered first in rows, and then the ground was turned up with a plow so as to cover the seed with the earth. Generally speaking, a small footpath ran straight across such a field as this. Other parts of such a field would consist only of stony ground where but a thin layer of earth covered the rocks, or where the surface was strewn with stones and boulders. Thorns and thistles, also, abounded everywhere. Finally, beside the paths, stones, and the thorns, there was always to be found in the field, more or less good rich soil in which the seed would find clay, humidity, and warmth. Into such a field was the seed sown, bringing forth a harvest of fruitfulness depending on the greater or lesser excellence of the seed, and the fertility of the ground in which it grew.

ITS APPLICATION

Christ Himself has explained to us the lessons this parable should convey. "Hear you, therefore, the meaning of the parable of the sower. When anyone hears the word of the kingdom and understands it not, there comes the wicked one, and catches away that which was sown in his heart; this is he who received the seed of the wayside. And he that received the seed upon stony ground: this is he that hears the word, and immediately receives it with joy: yet has he not root in himself, but is only for a time: and when there arise tribulation and persecution because of the word, he is presently scandalized. And he that received the seed among thorns: is he that hears the word, and the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke up the word, and he becomes fruitless. But he that received the seed upon good ground: that is he that hears the word, and understands, and bears fruit, and yields the one a hundred fold, and another sixty, and another thirty."

If we compare with one another the three classes of men whom our Lord describes, we shall find that the existing obstacles in the first class are indifference and indolence, in the second, superficiality and faintheartedness, and in the third, complete absorption in the things of earth and sensuality. But, in all three classes, it is entirely by wilful sin, of their own free will, that the divine Word of the Kingdom of Christ is deprived of its fruit. Thus there is contained in this parable an instruction on an important mystery of the kingdom of Heaven. It revealed to the disciples the causes of unbelief of so many and showed them the conditions which were attached to the development of the kingdom. For this there is required from every one a heart willing and ready for sacrifice and disengaged from every earthly and sensual attachment.

But Christ would also inspire courage and arouse joyous effort. Therefore, having pointed out the many sad features of the development of His kingdom, He does not fail to show us its very consoling side. There are also three species of fruitful seed, and three classes of men corresponding to these. It is, therefore, according to our own co-operation with the measure of gifts which we have received that we may hope for an exceedingly joyful harvest. But "in patience they shall bring forth much fruit," in perseverance, in overcoming obstacles, and in steadfast fulfillment of the necessary duties were they, and are we, to attain to the glad harvest time.

Abbey and Seminary

The examinations for the first semester were held in the Seminary towards the end of January. Fathers Prior Columban, Andrew, Chrysostom, Aloysius, Paul, Matthew, and James formed the board of examiners in the College. Father Prior and several of the Reverend professors performed a like office in the Seminary.

The month of February opened with the annual retreat. Rev. Herman Joseph Fister, O. F. M., of the Chicago Province conducted the spiritual exercises for the priests and the clerics of the community from the 2nd to the 7th inclusive, and for the lay brothers from the 8th to the 13th. Rev. Leander Conley, O. F. M., preached the retreat to the student body from the 3rd to the 7th.

Father Sylvester, who was on a business trip in the interest of the Indian mission at Marty, S. D., stopped with us long enough towards the end of January to exchange a friendly "How!" and a shake of the hand. Despite great handicaps—especially want of money and lack of priests—our missions are forging ahead.

The thirty-second anniversary of the death of Abbot Fintan occurred on Feb. 14. Father Subprior Celestine was celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem. Abbot Fintan was second in the line of succession of abbots of our community.

According to the *N. C. W. C. News Service* Rev. John Walde, College '12-'17, pastor of Corpus Christi Church, Oklahoma City, broadcast by radio in January and February six lectures on doctrinal subjects. Fa-

ther Walde, whose voice has been heard on the air in past years, is one of the pioneers in preaching to radio congregations.

As we write in mid-February the seminarians are eagerly looking forward to the approaching dedication of their recreation hall. The heating plant has been in operation for some weeks; electric light penetrates every nook and corner; with outstretched hands the basket-ball floor is beckoning the first contestants to enter the arena; the ambulatory, or great veranda, which flanks the south side of the hall invites to a promenade in the open air on rainy days; the bowling alley is now in expectation—awaiting final touches. The floors for the two tracks of this double bowling alley were procured at Jasper at a very reasonable price, second-hand, yet quite as good as new. It was quite a feat in engineering to transport these two heavy floors, which weighed 5,000 pounds apiece, and each seventy-two feet in length, over winding roads via Gentryville and Lincoln City, a distance of thirty-eight miles. Three trucks moving as a unit were required to accomplish the task. As the location of the hall made the approach thereto impractical for the trucks with their unwieldy burden, man power was employed to convey these heavy floors from before the seminary down the hillside and across the intervening gulley to the "gym." Soon the walls of the attractive building will ring with the calls of the players and the vociferous shouts of the audience above while the alleys below will reverberate with the thunderous roar of the "cannon" balls speeding down the track in their mad haste to throw in confusion the opposing army of defiant wooden soldiers that are drawn up in orderly array with boastful breasts protruding and a chip on the shoulder. A recreation hall for manly sports is a necessary part of the seminary equipment at the seminary, that there may be a "sound mind in a sound body." We understand that pecuniary gifts will be acceptable for liquidating the indebtedness that still burdens the new "gym." Even the "widow's mite" will be held in honor.

Each year a class of our alumni passes the twenty-fifth anniversary of its ordination. The class of '05 is due this year for the honors. The first of the class to be called to orders was Rev. John Robakowski (Chicago), who was ordained in the fall of '04. Next followed Rev. Aloysius Fischer, O. S. B., at St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, on Feb. 26, '05. The remaining five members of the class received holy orders on June 17. Fathers Francis O'Brien (Hastings, Nebr.) and Benedict Brown, O. S. B., were ordained at St. Meinrad by the late Bishop O'Donaghue, who was at the time Auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis, but later Bishop of Louisville. Fathers John Kohl (d. 1929), Norbert Felden (now in poor health), and John Steger (Columbia City, Ind.) were ordained by their Rt. Rev. Ordinary, Herman J. Alerding. Both Bishops were alumni of St. Meinrad. Among other members of the class, who finished their studies elsewhere were Rev. Raymond Noll, D. D. (Indianapolis), who was ordained at Rome; Rev. Charles Trefny, who met death in an automobile accident in July, 1929; and Rev. Edward Hynes, who is in the diocese of Baker City.

March

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Book Notices

Into Thy Hands—the Office of Compline for Sunday and for every day of the week according to the Roman Breviary, by Donald Attwater, T. O. S. D., (price 15 cents; discount on lots). This is No. 8 of Series II of the Popular Liturgical Library that is being published by the Liturgical Press at Collegeville, Minn. The present booklet contains the Office of Compline in Latin and English together with the notes for singing psalms and hymn. An introductory note explains the meaning of Compline, which is the night prayer of the Church. Where the Office of Compline is celebrated instead of Vespers this little book will receive a hearty welcome. A. B.

Bearing the title, *The Door of Salvation*, the St. Francis Book Shop (1615 Republic St., Cincinnati) has published a book of "Talks on the one true Church for Catholics and non-Catholics" from the pen of Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M. (Price, \$2.00.) In clear and simple language the Church is depicted in its true position as leading men to salvation. Priests and laymen, Catholics and non-Catholics will derive benefit from its perusal. The print is excellent. A. B.

The Christian Life, compiled from the works of St. Augustine, by Rev. Anthony Tonna-Bartlet, O. S. A., (Frederick Pustet Co., 52 Barclay St., New York), is an ascetical work that should appeal to all. It compares favorably with the *Imitation of Christ* and may serve as a book of meditation. The source whence the material is drawn is sufficient proof of its great value. A. B.

The *Guide for the Roman Missal* for the year 1930, is the order prescribed for co-offering with the priest the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass according to the calendar of the universal Church. The Guide was translated by Rev. Paul Bussard. The E. M. Lohman Co., (413 Sibley St., St. Paul, Minn.), are the publishers (price, 15 cents). Those who use a missal for following the priest at the altar during Mass will find in this Guide the help they need in arranging their Mass book in accordance with the feast or the mystery which is celebrated. A. B.

Witnesses of the Eucharist, by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL. D., (The Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H., Price, \$2.50), is a book of 356 pages containing sketches of nineteen fervent adorers of the Eucharistic Lord—a veritable Eucharistic litany. In his enumeration the author did not overlook Little Nellie of Holy God. Though some of the subjects of these sketches have not yet been canonized, they all died in the odor of sanctity. It is the Eucharist that produces saints. Beholding these worshipers of the Hidden God in their different ages and states of life, the reader will be moved to greater love and fervor. A. B.

Souvenir, by Rev. B. J. Murdoch, (Wickersham Press, Lancaster, Pa. Price, \$2.00), is a well-written and very interesting story that will be enjoyed by young and old. The descriptions are vivid; the characters well depicted. The final decision of the principal character will not occasion surprise. The reader will not lay the book aside without having gathered fruit for his spiritual welfare. A. B.

Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman in *A Garland of Saints for Children* relates to his reader audience in pleasing style the stories of some well-known saints. The attractive volume, which is illustrated with original drawings, will make a suitable present for children. (Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. Price, \$1.25.) A. B.

In *Nature's Protest Against Counter-Conceptions*, a 43-page booklet, by Rev. Henry Woods, S. J., Ph. D., we have the teaching of the Church on a very important question. The moral principles are well applied. In our day the Church is the sole guardian of the holiness of matrimony, and the family, for which this union has been instituted. The pamphlet should find wide circulation. (University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.) A. B.

From the Christopher Publishing House, Boston: *The Dominion of Mind*, by Uriel Buchanan, (Price, \$1.75), was written with the desire that the thoughts expressed in the book, which the author found personally helpful, might guide and enlighten others. Few however, will be able to follow the author in his mental peregrinations. A. B.

Whether the study of *The Harmonics of Marriage*, by Ray Hartwell, (\$1.25), will be helpful to the individual is very doubtful. The argumentation will not be easily understood. A. B.

Universal Electromagnetic Hypothesis, by Alpheus J. Roberts, (\$1.25). Those interested in this new scientific doctrine, as well as in the relativity of Einstein and his ilk, will find in this book ideas expressed that will induce them to further investigation. An unscientific mind will be stunned by the great wisdom expressed therein. A. B.

Our Last Moments, published by the Benedictine Press, Mt. Angel, Oregon, (10¢), is the official booklet of the Pious Union of St. Joseph's Death. The principal end of the Pious Union, as stated in the booklet, is to obtain through the intercession of St. Joseph the grace of a happy death for the agonizing of the world. Many are the indulgences and privileges attached to the Pious Union. B.

Footlights and Shadows is a professional journal of, and for, the Catholic stage and screen. This new monthly, now in its second year, is devoted especially to the interests of amateur actors, authors, directors, managers, and their audiences. The editor is frank and fearless in speaking out his opinion of manuscripts submitted for criticism. *Footlights and Shadows*, which is published by A. A. Rothengass, 3011 N. Nagle Ave., Chicago, should prove helpful to all who are interested in amateur dramatics. B.

Light and Shadow in Religious Life (by Rev. Otto Cohausz, S. J., translated by Rev. Laurence P. Emery, M. A. Benziger Brothers, publishers).

This book presents sound doctrine on everyday phases of convent life. Each chapter introduces an example from the Old Testament, ingeniously accommodated to modern needs. Though intended for religious of both sexes, it applies especially to the "devoto femineo sexu." Many points of community life, intimately influencing our interior life, and so often glossed over by ascetical works, are here presented with freshness of treatment and charm of language. Especially striking are the chapters on: 'Vocation, Back Sliding, Interior Impulses, Unburden Your Heart, and Human Nature.' It should prove a very good book for the scrupulous and the faint-hearted. C. T.

Rev. Joseph J. Willimas, S. J., Ph. D., Litt. D., in his *Hebreisms of West Africa from Nile to Niger with the Jews* makes "a serious effort to trace through diffusion, from the Nile to the Niger, the many Hebrewisms, real or apparent, which are to be found among distinctively Negro tribes in West Africa in general, but particularly among the Ashanti." This book will be ready in March, 1930. Lincoln Mac Veagh, The Dial Press, 152 W. 13th St., New York. Price, \$7.50 postpaid.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XXI—THE PLOT THICKENS

(Continued)

(Mrs. Aldyne and Morton Leacock, at a week-end party at which Lucilla and Ted are present, discuss the latter, who seem to be drifting apart.)

OH well, they may not exactly go on the rocks; Cilla doesn't seem to mind so much."

"Mind! You don't think she is going to wear her feelings on her sleeve? Show me the woman who doesn't mind!" Morton sighed.

"It all goes to prove one thing! I almost fell once, but fortunately, was saved in time. Single blessedness is best, I'm thinking."

"You selfish person! Well, you've lived your theory. If we all talked and thought that way, where would we be?"

"Well, I see it like this: Men and women are too unstable nowadays. Vows, conventions, are all scraps of paper. Can you blame me for being wary?"

"You can't judge everyone by a few unfaithful people. Take Bert and myself; we haven't had an argument in thirty years."

"You are of the old school," replied Morton, "and still believe in the conventions and such-like 'old-fashioned foolishness.' That is why you get along." Just then Lucilla passed them, smiling, and crossed the room. Mrs. Aldyne leaned closer to Morton.

"I really think she ought to be told, don't you? I hate to see a woman made a fool of. Of course, one doesn't like to be a busybody." Morton shook his head.

"It would crush her; she is such a delicate, flower-like sort of person."

"Oh, as for that, you might be surprised. She has the courage of her convictions."

"She will find out, sooner or later."

"Yes, and then no one can soften the blow."

The week passed and Lucilla was surprised one day to have Morton call her over phone and ask if she would not like to dine out somewhere with him. She, of course, did not know that Morton had a definite reason for doing this, and at first, she demurred, on the plea of not being able to get away from her work.

"Now, little girl," protested Morton. "I'm thinking you apply too hard. You really ought to get out more."

I'm acting under Ted's orders, you know. He's quite satisfied to have me entertain you."

"Oh, well, that's different. If Ted told you that, I'm ready. What time will you come?"

"Eight be all right? And where?"

"I'll go home to dress, and I'll be ready at eight." After Morton had rung off, she called Ted's office and told him of Morton's invitation. Ted laughed.

"Sure; go to it. He could almost be your father. Sure; I told him he could entertain you."

"I wanted to be sure you knew about it."

"Why so scrupulous? We've taken all fences away, haven't we?"

"Well, not—"

"Good-bye; have a good time." Thelma came in just as he rang off.

"You'll laugh when I tell you who's taking me out to-night," said Lucilla. Thelma pretended to think.

"Let's see—Ted, perhaps?"

"Not a chance; Morton, if you please." Thelma's eyes opened wide.

"Doing a little highflying of your own, eh?"

"Oh, no; it's perfectly all right. I have papa's permission. It seems I am to be foisted onto your cast-of-beau by papa himself, he being so very busy all the time. But Morton's all right. He's a very fine man, Thel."

"If you like him. Well, where will you go?"

"I don't know; some place to dine and dance, I suppose." Suddenly Thelma had a thought.

"Cil, I have a brilliant idea! Why not come to the Silver Grill, and Terry and I will be there too. You will have a chance to meet him and judge for yourself."

"All right! I don't suppose Morton will mind."

The place was well filled when they entered, but evidently the headwaiter knew Morton well, for he bowed obsequiously, calling him by name, and led them to a small, cozy table for two, well off to the side, yet commanding the entire dining room. The exotic orchestra of violins, cellos and clarinets poured melting music into the softly-lamplit atmosphere behind a bank of palms, and everything was lovely and restful. Lucilla felt herself lulled to a beguiling content, and yet she could have wished it was Ted who sat opposite her. Morton was looking about him interestedly, nodding and bowing to friends here and there, making conversation, and acting the staid guardian. Lucilla had not mentioned Thelma and Terry to him, preferring to have the meeting seem casual, yet Morton scanned the stalls and seemed to be looking for someone. The dancing

began and the waiter brought their first course. Lucilla wondered if Thelma had arrived or not, not seeing her at the tables out in the open. An hour passed, and Lucilla began to be bored; it was no fun sitting here eating or even dancing with someone you cared nothing about. How she wished Ted were here with her! Once again her mind began milling over Ted's words over the phone: "We've taken away all fences, haven't we?" How she wished things were still as they had been at first; but her studio; that was the price of all this renunciation. Was it worth it? Even as she revolved these things in her mind, someone came behind her.

"Hello you two staid old people! You look like two Sunday school teachers, you are so grave!" It was Thelma, lively as ever.

"Oh, it's you, Thelma. How are you?" said Morton constrainedly.

"I was about to suggest that you two join forces with Terry and me. We have a stall over there, plenty room for four. Won't you join us? I want Lucilla to meet Terry. Or would you rather remain tete-a-tete?" Thelma pinched her friend's arm.

"How do you know your knight-errant will relish having us? Three is a crowd, but four is a mob!"

"Oh, Cil, he isn't selfish. He will be happy to meet any friend of mine." Her glance settled for a moment on Morton, who had been trying to get her attention for the last three minutes. He quickly shook his head with a covert frown. Her hand suddenly flew to her lips. She had forgotten that Morton might not care to meet his chauffeur as a social equal. Had he, then, seen her and Terry at Whitedge that night? Why did he frown? He must know. She put on a nonchalant air.

"Oh, well, some other time then. Have a nice time!" And she hurried back to the stall, Lucilla's bewildered eyes following her. Why had Thelma changed so suddenly? Then she remembered; of course. It would have been a most incongruous meeting. Morton's frown had wholly escaped her. But she regretted losing the opportunity of meeting Thelma's friend; she really was a bit curious about the much-lauded Terry.

The moment after Thelma left was an awkward one. Lucilla waited for Morton to make some comment, but none came. He was queerly silent, and Lucilla was hard put to make conversation. But presently he did speak, and his words startled and shocked her.

"If I were you, Mrs. Rawn, I wouldn't be too intimate with that girl." Had a ton of bricks fallen upon her head, she could not have been more surprised. Of course, perhaps Morton still felt aggrieved because of Thelma's rejection of him, but she never dreamed he would be vindictive about it.

"Why not?" she asked, slightly on her mettle. He leaned over the table confidentially.

"Well, it is not nice of me to discuss her, but I thought you ought to know. It is said—in fact, I know, that she has been going about with—"

"I know it!" Lucilla cut in quickly, before he could say any more.

"You do? And yet you—"

"Having my studio across the hall from her, and re-

ceiving visits from her every day, I can hardly help being intimate—especially if she chooses to make me her confidante." Morton raised his brows. "And what's more," continued Lucilla spiritedly, "she's a golden friend; she may be mistaken in her choice of a lover, but she would give you the shoes off her feet, or pawn her last possession if she thought you needed it." Morton cleared his throat ominously.

"You know who the man is, then?"

"Why of course I know! She is as open as a book, and tells me everything. Not that I haven't remonstrated with her for being foolish. I've warned her over and over that she will break her own heart." Morton narrowed his eyes.

"She told you who the man was, eh?"

"Why, yes; what's so strange about that? He's your chauffeur, Terry, isn't that his name? You knew, didn't you?" Morton's jaw dropped. Lucilla flushed, afraid she had said something she should not have. Not for worlds would she have done anything to injure Thelma.

"Well, that beats all!" cried Morton, shaking his head. "No, I didn't know it was my chauffeur! That's a new one on me! That explains a lot of things I didn't know before." Immediately Lucilla tried to make amends.

"But you won't be angry at him because I told you? I thought you knew."

"No; oh, no. I'll not be angry. Why should I?" But he wore such a queer air, that Lucilla was only half convinced.

"Promise you'll not discharge Terry or anything because of what I told you." Morton looked her in the eyes.

"Terry? I discharged him long ago. Because of something I could not understand that first night when he was supposed to bring Thelma to Sharrot's. But I understand now." Lucilla thought she understood too.

"I heard a rumor to that effect some time ago. He hasn't told her of his discharge. I'm afraid—" She stopped, feeling it would not be loyal to continue.

"You're afraid he's not quite square with her, is that it? Well, she'll learn her lesson, just as many another has. She will—"

"Stop! We won't discuss her, please." Morton bowed.

"Just as you say."

CHAPTER XXII—A STARTLING DISCOVERY

Next morning when Lucilla was coming up the stairs, Thelma was peeping through the partly open door, and decided to make herself an early morning guest.

"Well, how did you get home?" she asked.

"We left at eleven, as you probably know, and I went straight home."

"Shucks, and you didn't get a chance to meet Terry after all."

"Yes, isn't it too bad; I did want to see what he was like."

"Oh, it was all on account of that cast-off old bald-head of mine. Did you see him frown and shake his head at me when I suggested that you and he join us?"

"No; I missed that little bit of byplay."

"And Terry is just as bad; when he found out who it was I had gone out to see, he didn't like it a bit. He simply won't face Morton, and we had to sit and wait until your majesties had decided to depart, before we could have a single dance."

"They certainly must love each other," commented Lucilla, thinking of the fact that Terry failed to tell Thelma of his discharge, and letting her think he was still driving Morton's car when he came for her. She had decided to say nothing about the matter.

"And, oh, what do you think? Terry is going to take me to the Society Charity Ball next week. Will you be there?"

"I dare say I will," replied Lucilla, wondering inwardly how Terry managed to get an invitation to the affair.

A few days before the ball, she asked Ted if he was going.

"Yes, but you'll have to get Morton to take you."

"But why Morton, if you're going?"

"Because I'm taking somebody else," he said curtly.

"Indeed! This is getting to be a fine kettle of fish. Does our agreement include that sort of thing?"

"I don't care what it includes. You go with Morton, don't you?"

"Yes, but not because I want to. It seems you are throwing me at Morton's head. First thing you know, people will begin to talk."

"Let them talk their heads off. Mort's a convenient, all-round beau. Have to give him something to do, so he won't grow onto his easy chair. He's getting entirely too fat." Ted spoke with biting contempt. What a different Ted it was, from what he used to be! She tried again, vaguely uneasy.

"Ted," she begged, "I'd much rather go with you. Morton is all right in small doses, but as a steady companion—" She had conceived a dislike for Morton, because of his discussion of Thelma. Ted laughed coldly—a harsh laugh that grated upon her ears.

"Come on, come on, quit your faking. You needn't pretend you'd rather be in *my* company. I can't take you; so there!" In stunned, pained silence, she walked out of the room.

(To be continued)

—
Ah! if I'm ever longing,
His blessed Face to see,
Then why forget His constant
His age-long wait for me?—F. P. Le Buffe, S.J.

St. Joseph

We have not a great wealth of facts regarding this illustrious saint, but those we have are so great and outstanding that, it would seem, hardly any others need be added. However, we always like to hear interesting little details about our very dear friends, and it takes but little imagination to picture to ourselves just what sort of man good St. Joseph was. When our Lady was still in the temple, being in her fifteenth year, her relatives, priests in the temple, (she was related to the

tribe of Aaron on her mother's side), began to seek a suitable husband for her. But she, panic-stricken, implored them to permit her to dedicate her virginity to God. But this, in the Jewish race, was unheard of, to her entreaties were ignored. An ancient tradition, recorded in the Protevangelion of St. James, (that is, a Gospellike narrative ascribed to this Apostle), relates that all the aspirants to Mary's hand, having prayed to the Almighty, deposited each a branch of almond in the temple to remain over night, and Joseph's was among these.

In the morning the dry and dead branch of Joseph was found green and blossoming, indicating the will of God in his regard. And so Mary was reconciled to the inevitable, and Joseph presented her with a piece of silver, in token of their engagement. The espousals took place at Jerusalem, Mary, according to Oriental custom, was arrayed in rich robes, pearls, and gold. (The robe is said to be preserved at Chartres, and is of the color of nankeen, embroidered in flowers of white, violet, blue and gold.)

Immediately after the espousals the holy pair retired to Nazareth, to the house of Anne and Joachim, who were now dead. And here, in holy peace, the two dwelt, performing their lowly labors.

We next observe him faithfully conducting his girl-wife to Bethlehem for the census, leading her tenderly and carefully, because she was heavy on her feet, and the way was long and weary. With her he is refused shelter at the many inns, and at last finds a place to rest in a cave. After the Nativity, he becomes the Child's protector as well, and we find him threading the hurried path to Egypt; silence for seven years, and then he is again seen bringing Mother and Child back to their native land. After that, silence until the loss of the Child in the temple, and then—nothing more until we see him expiring sweetly in the arms of Christ. Oh, blessed death, and blessed example of a loving, gentle husband, faithful, ever kind, a rock to lean upon—example to all the husbands of the world—model of all the good, patient, plodding ones, who never ask anything for themselves, who labor, day in, day out, giving all to their families. May good St. Joseph bless them abundantly!

Recipes

Let the children make popcorn balls on winter evenings: The popping itself is lots of fun—but the children will agree that the eating is still better. For the candy, place one cup of syrup and one cup sugar into a sauce pan with a pinch of salt, and boil to the hard ball stage. When done, put in a teaspoon of vanilla and mix quickly, pour over the popcorn, and form into balls with buttered hands. Walnut meats, peanuts, raisins, etc., may be added.

DELMONICO POTATOES: Take three cups boiled potatoes, which have been cut into half-inch cubes, and one cup grated cheese. Make layers of the potatoes and grated cheese in a casserole, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Pour over rich cream rubbed smooth with flour, and place on top a layer of buttered bread crumbs. Bake until crumbs are brown.

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

"Doctor, there's a great how d' ye do out our way about diphtheria," said Mrs. Carey as the monthly talk around the table began. We have three cases in the village, and there's them that hold that it spread from the Wagners. Mr. Wagner himself came down with it first, and the other two families that have it, were getting their milk from Wagner's store."

"That's all nonsense," broke in Mr. Rackham. "What would the milk be having to do with it? It's the cows give the milk and they didn't have the diphtheria."

"I didn't say it was the milk, I said there were them that said it was the milk. What I want to ask the Doctor is about this toxin antitoxin that the county nurse is raising ruction about. She says the children should all take this cure or whatever it is."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Carey, without you going to any doctor, it's all nonsense, and no child of mine is going to be roped in by the county nurse or anyone like her. If it is the will of God that they will have diphtheria, why then they will have it, and there will be no charms made of horses blood for them."

"Oh, you are off on the wrong foot as usual, Rackham. Who said anything about a charm. The nurse said it was right and reasonable, and she knows more about it than you or I. She says that a person can get a teeny weeny dose of the medicine at three different times, and that it will start up with a fighting spirit in the white blood cells of the body that they can lick any and all diphtheria germs that comes along. 'Resistance,' she called it, and said something about the 'vital forces.'"

"Yeah, you can't put any story like that over on me with your big words that you got from the nurse. That nurse is ready to swear to anything the doctors say, and you know the doctors are all out for the money."

"I'd like to know how they are going to make any money by keeping the people from getting sick. You ought to talk with sense, Rackham. You were glad enough to go to the doctors when your own little girl was so bad."

"Yes, but that was a different thing altogether, Annie was a very sick girl and I had to go somewhere, besides that doctor was a very smart man, but this thing of taking medicine when you're not sick to keep yourself from getting sick is like interfering with Providence."

"And when did you get so religious, Rackham? You know that down in your heart you are thinking about the few dollars that it will cost you."

"Well, it looks to me a sort of gambling."

"Gambling! gambling! Isn't it new for you to be so afraid of gambling? Not to speak of the cards, don't you gamble every time you get your house or your car or your life insured? But you won't insure your child against diphtheria."

"I'd do as much for my child as you would, Mrs. Carey."

Dr. H. "I think perhaps you have argued long enough. I am sorry you have diphtheria out your way, and I think it would be a good thing to tell you the story of that disease so that you will be able to see some reason in what the health officer will do, and is doing to stamp it out."

"Diphtheria was formerly a terrible disease. It was perhaps one of those plagues that used to sweep away whole towns and villages. Medical science began to get some insight into the cause of these great disasters about seventy years ago, and since then diphtheria has received a great deal of attention. It gave up its secrets slowly and reluctantly, but at last we found out what was the cause of the disease, then we discovered how it was carried from one person to another. After that something could be done to prevent its spread by isolating the patient. All this time much study was going on. It was found that though human beings took the disease very readily, there were some animals that it was very difficult to infect, and some that would not take the disease at all, from this it was reasoned that there was some quality in the blood of these animals that had a destructive effect on the germ of diphtheria. Among these animals was the horse, and science reasonably and logically concluded, that if this agency, which protected the horse, could be transferred to the human being, that they also would be able to overcome the disease."

"The next step or thought of the scientists was to raise this agency to its very highest point of efficiency, and this was done by injecting small amounts of the prepared diphtheria into the horse. This stimulated the protective agency in the blood, and when it had reached a certain standard, the horse was bled. The serum of the blood was separated out from the mass of blood cells and prepared for use."

"This prepared serum has the name of diphtheria antitoxin. When it is injected into a patient suffering from diphtheria, it so stimulates the resisting agencies of the body that the disease is overcome except, in cases that are past all help."

"Later, working along the same lines, a preparation was produced which, when injected in small doses at stated intervals, will produce such a quickening of the vital forces against diphtheria that immunity for a number of years is obtained."

"Well! well!" said Mr. Rackham. "That beats the world. I thought it was all a fairy story the nurse was telling us."

"The stories of medical science are all as interesting as fairy stories," said the doctor. "Diphtheria may break out here and there, but it is soon controlled. Its victims are now only counted by the hundreds; before, it was by the hundreds of thousands."

"Have the doctors got the better of any of the other diseases?" asked Mr. Rackham.

(Continued on page 518)



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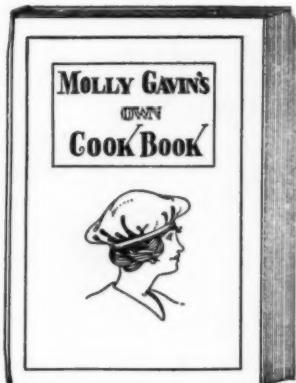
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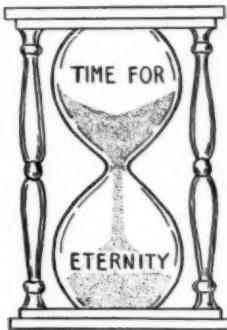
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